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JOSEPHINE,

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

S. TUCKER CLARK.

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DEDICATION.

To my Parents,

Who wiped away the tears that they were weeping
Above their first born's grave,
To smile on me, then in my cradle sleeping,
And bless the God who gave;
To them I *dedicate this little token*,
A pledge sincere,
That as the golden strings of life are broken,
And death draws near,
Their *only* son, a staff to them shall prove,
And bear them gently in the arms of love.

P R E F A C E .

WITH many misgivings, I present this offering to those, who, by chance, may be so fond of reading, as to read every book that is published.

Those even who examine may disapprove; and I may, when I become a man, blush that I ever exposed my boyish attempts at verse-making; but be that as it may, if it is true that "a great book is a great evil," my offence is but trifling.

Happy Alley, July 8, 1856.

S. T. C.

JOSEPHINE:

A HISTORICAL POEM.

P R O E M .

ANSWER, oh, heartless pretender,
Deeming fair woman can render
Only a service most menial!
Where is the loving and caring,
Watching and praying, while sharing
Even *thy* life course so varying?

Ushered in infantile weakness,
Into a world where true meekness,
Virtue and candor seem obsolete —
Man finds a home and a safe rest,
Pillows his head on a pure breast,
Tenderly bearing his helplessness.

Leaving the world, how his death throes,
Bodily anguish and soul woes
Yield to the breath of true sympathy.
Soothing the pain throbs so gently,
Pointing to heaven all intently,
Woman, thy mission angelic is.

Of such a being I write now;
Bring me fresh leaves and a lithe bough
Torn from the evergreen laurel tree;
Let them be dipped in the fountain
Flowing from Helicon mountain,
That I may crown her loved memory;

Crown, with a garland befitting

One, who was never forgetting

Kindness to all; but who womanly

Battled for right; and was sharing

Sorrow each loved one was bearing,

Bearing for her or her country's sake.

CHAPTER I.

FIRST LOVE, PREDICTION, DISAPPOINTMENT.

ISLE in the midst of the sea foam,
Martinique, earliest, best home,
Of our fair heroine Josephine.
Tropical flowers were around her,
Love here with golden chains bound her,
Bound to a brave and a noble one.

Far from the home of his childhood
William departs; and the wild wood
Josephine seeks in her loneliness.
Birds, in the branches above her,
Bring back the words of her lover,
Words that like music sweet ravish her.

Josephine meets with the dreamer
Skillful in magic; and tremor
Seizes the sibyl Euphemia;
Wildly she stares; then declaring
Destiny changeful, preparing,
Changeful preparing for Josephine,

Tells her a bride she beholds her;
And as her mantle enfolds her,
So will the clouds of adversity;
Widow bereft, and in dark weeds,
Mourning in sorrow o'er crushed reeds,
And o'er the mem'ry of absent ones.

Skillful in lore of past ages,

Different fortune presages ;

Now, as an empress sees Josephine ;

Then from the friends that should love her,

When the thick clouds o'er her hover,

Forced far away from them, heartlessly.

Closely the Creole girl listened,

Mirthful her thoughtful eye glistened,

Blushing to hear such a fortune told ;

Laughed at the sibyl's disclosure,

Looked on her life with composure,

Trusted, believed not the prophetess.

Still, when the curtain of night fell,

Fearful that all would not end well,

Josephine thought the prediction o'er.

Who of us mortals would fain know

Every change, as the waves flow,

Bearing us on to eternity ?

Spirits, like witches of Endor,
Haply, to mortals may render
 Pages of future fate legible;
But, since our fortune is hidden,
Why should its spectre be bidden
 Up from the shades of futurity?

Josephine's hours are now dreary;
Gone is her lover; and weary,
 Weary she waits for his coming home;
But, as a looked for to-morrow,
Never that day came, and sorrow
 Woke in the bosom of Josephine.

As the last notes of a sweet song
Float on the ear, so her love, long
 Lingered, embalmed in her memory;
And when the ties that had bound her
Broken were, floating around her
 Still, was the dream of her early love.

'Round our *first love* is a charm thrown,
Never again to the soul known,
 Never in subsequent loving known.
Every heartfelt and kind word
Brings back the voice that was first heard
 Speaking the language of tenderness.

Youth is a season of pleasure,
Pleasure almost beyond measure,
 Bouyant and bright, yet ephemeral.
Middle age comes with its care then,
Wond'ring, we ask to know where then
 The spring of our lifetime has flown too.

Old age throws o'er us its death chill,
Wond'ring, we question ourselves still,
 Where are the dark locks of former days?
Changing the raven, for hoar hair,
Trembling and weakness are now, where
 Once was activity, usefulness.

CHAPTER II.

THE WIFE, THE MOTHER, THE EXILE.

JOSEPHINE, now in her full bloom,
Leans on the arm of a bridegroom;
 Lists to her epithalamium.
Beauharnais, man of high bearing,
Worthy the duty of caring
 For the sweet maiden of Martinique.

Beauharnais, proud of the flower,
Bore from its fair western bower
Over the sea, to his princely home.
Josephine, now in a high sphere,
Lived, as though never a dark fear
Whispered to mind, of her coming fate.

Swiftly the happy hours glided.
Guardian angels that guided
Josephine on in her happiness,
Smiled, as they saw that her offspring,
Would to her future a joy bring,
Solace, and joy in her loneliness.

Mother of Hortense and Eugene,
Mother, a title that I ween,
Dearer by far was to Josephine,
Than appellation more sounding;
Mother, the word is abounding,
Carefulness, prayerfulness mingle here.

Vain are our dreams of the present;
Though at the dawn it is pleasant,
 Balmy air, sunshine and zephyr may,
Ere the god Phœbus has driven
The day car of gold, to mid heaven,
 Change, for the lightning and hurricane.

So, though the morn may betoken
Gladness, ere noon may be broken
 Every string of the human heart;
Man be borne over the dark tide,
Where the pale spirits and ghosts bide,
 Into the land of the wonderful.

Josephine's life, once unclouded,
Now with a dark veil is shrouded,
 That veil was woven by jealousy.
He who had promised to guide her,
Guard her whate'er should betide her,
 Coldly refuses to shelter her.

Jealousy, fury with baned tongue,
Many a soul hath thy fangs stung.

Daughter of darkness and misery,
Worse than the Gorgon Medusa,
Thou of the change art producer,
Change, that to stone turns the spirit part.

Sent out as Hagar of old was;
Earth then to Josephine cold was,
All save the home-land, fair Martinique;
There where the waters and winds play,
Loved she to linger the long day,
Linger, and think of her hopelessness.

There was her refuge; and Hortense
Seemed to breathe o'er her an incense,
Soothing the pain of her solitude.
Eugene, the filial and kindly,
Still was with him, who had blindly,
Blindly, an exile made Josephine.

What is a promise of love worth
Where there is naught but a cold dearth,
Famine in soul, of true principle.
As the shed tears of a noon shower,
Cheering awhile the fair field flower,
Leaving it then to the summer's heat.

Ere night comes on, with its soft dew,
Blighted it stands where it once grew,
Emblem of human mortality.
So fades the love of the many;
Is it a strange thing if any
Doubt the existence of constancy?

Woe! for the heart that's neglected;
Crushed; let it bow down dejected;
Covered with sackcloth and ashes be.
Bitter herbs seem far more loathing,
After a sweet draught; and loving
Maketh neglect seem the bitterer.

CHAPTER III.

THE REUNITED.

As on the dark cloud the sun's glow
Paints, in bright colors, the rainbow,
Telling the storm has passed over us;
So doth a message or love lay
Bring to the heart a fresh hope ray,
Sketching to mind scenes of happiness.

It was no want of affection,
Desert of soul; but subjection
 To the invasion of jealousy,
That had made Beauharnais coldly
Send her away, whom he boldly
 Now will implore to be reconciled.

Beauharnais calls o'er the sea wave,
Calls to the island that first gave,
 Gave him the beautiful Josephine;
Asking the daughter and mother,
Back to the husband and brother,
 Back to their home, in the eastern land.

Joyful, believing each loved word,
Homeward she hies, as a glad bird
 Flies to its nest and its waiting brood.
Glad, Alexander receives her,
Sad, when he thinks that it grieves her,
 Grieves her to think how unkind he was.

Josephine, 'being united
With Alexander, who slighted
Once both her love and companionship,
Feels, when resuming her station,
Joy, in forgiving vexation,
Anger and hatred and jealousy.

Happy, twice happy the home band
Where heart is joined with the right hand,
Here on the altar Hymenial,
Cupid, with torch, bids a flame burn
That to cold ashes will ne'er turn,
Though it may sometimes like waning
seem.

Love that endures not forever,
Merits no naming, for never
Was such a passion of heaven born.
When the fair Daphne of old fled,
Fled from Apollo, whose heart bled
Pierced by the archer with golden dart;

When as a tree he beheld her,
Not from his love he repelled her,
 But the god wept, while embracing her;
'Neath the bark, felt the flesh quiver,
Cursed her sire, god of the river,
 Peneus, whose power had transformed her.

Called the tree wife; and a green branch
Bound to his lyre, that would soon launch
 Out on the breeze a sad melody.
Singing of Daphne the fairest,
Fairest of mortals, and rarest
 Love of the famed son of Jupiter.

Daphne was loved by Apollo;
Though she loved not, he would follow
 Wooing the maid unrelentingly;
Loved her when changed to a bay tree;
Surely, then, love must for aye be
 Lasting, when truly reciprocal.

So reads the myth of the heathen;
If thus they thought, shall not we then
Place upon love as high estimate?
Judge, then, whatever the change be,
Love once implanted will still be,
Still of the heart be inhabitant.

But oh, how little such love burns,
How for that blest day my soul yearns,
Man to be free from love's counterfeit.
War and all tumult shall then cease,
Earth be a garden of sweet peace,
On the bright morn of millennium.

CHAPTER IV.

THE REVOLUTION.

As the tide's ebbing and flowing,
So is the coming and going,
Rising and falling of potentates.
Thrones and dominions have perished,
Only their names have been cherished,
Saved from the waves of oblivion.

Nations, by civil commotion,
Tost like the ships of the ocean,
 When the rude winds through the cordage
 howl,
Outlive the storm, if a bold hand
Graspeth the helm, and the whole band
 Prove to the ship of state, vigilant.

But, if the helmsman, affrighted,
When in the thick storm benighted,
 Yields to the sea god the shattered bark;
Or, if like Trojan Menœtes,
Timid, in even the safe seas,
 Let him be cast to the gaping waves.

France, in the midst of corruption,
Civil and moral destruction,
 Cries for redress from her slavery;
Then is her mourning and sadness
Changed to contention and madness,
 Shedding the blood of nobility.

Carnage with riot is wedded;
Monarch and courtier beheaded:

Blood through the streets like a river flows.
Wounded and bleeding and dying,
With the dead bodies are lying
Where they were left by their murderers.

Like wild beasts, goaded to raging,
Rave the French people, assuaging,
In their mad strife after liberty,
Wrongs of tyrannic oppression,
Shedding for every transgression,
Innocent blood, with the criminal.

Jacobin hurls the Girondist
Swift to his death; and the fondest,
Dearest of friends are now enemies.
Sparing not childhood, or grey hair,
Grandson and grandsire are slain, where
Regal blood base earth has fertilized.

Beautiful women were sharing,
Sharing the death, that the wearing
Of the cursed crown might no longer be
Through the whole breadth of the nation.
Was such a bloody libation
Due to the goddess of liberty?

Josephine taketh her share too,
And of the woe she was heir to —
Who would not pause ere he told it all?
But the Great Father is near her,
And though the test be severer,
Still will he strengthen her bearing it,

As in her former distresses,
While the brave heroine presses
Close to the feet of Divinity.
Josephine's prayers now ascending;
Legions of angels, attending,
Come down from heaven to comfort her;

And, in bright phalanx, defending,
Guard her from dangers impending,
Threat'ning to fall and o'erpower her:
Bid her to still be brave hearted,
Though from her dearest ones parted,
Giving her strength in calamity.

Beauharnais, only a loyal
Lover of freedom is, royal,
Princely blood flows through the Viscount's
veins;
Will he escape, since the keen eye
Of the avenger has bid die
All, save the utter rebellionist?

Josephine hears the sad message,
Which is to her a dread presage,
Omen of evil o'ershadowing,—
Filling her mind with vague horror,
Fears she each day that the morrow
May leave her hearthstone companionless.

CHAPTER V.

THE CONVICTION.

When in the mind are prevailing
Hatred, distrust and vile railing,
Then, is the heart no fit dwelling place
For the Great Spirit most holy;
And it is weakness and folly,
Hoping in God without charity.

Charity, first of the graces ;

He who his piety bases

On a foundation less permanent,

Finds all is naught, though he speaketh

Tongues, and have faith ; for God seeketh

Such as in spirit will worship him.

He that is innocent deemeth

Every man good that so seemeth,

Judging by self, the world's rectitude.

He that is base, is distrustful,

Thinking all are like him lustful,

Judging the whole by one profligate.

During the wild revolution,

'Mid the black scenes of pollution,

When all, who dared to own royal birth,

Might view the axe which would slay them,

See where the tyrants would lay them,

When they no longer were fearing them.

Beauharnais trembled and feared not,
From his determined course veered not,
 Knowing his heart sealed for liberty.
Fondly believed the mad faction,
Viewing his firmness in action,
 Still would respect his wise cautiousness.

When he was summoned to meet them,
Boldly, he hastened to greet them,
 Trusting his all to integrity.
Spoke of their reckless abusing
Power, that by prudently using,
 Might have made freedom their heritage.

This, to the flame that was burning
In their fierce breasts, was like turning
 Oil in the midst of a raging fire;
Or, like an atom phosphoric,
Freed from its latent caloric,
 Drop'd in the midst of an arsenal;

Bursting their souls, and exposing
Fiend forms, that there were reposing;
 Scatt'ring the fragments of manliness.
Tyrants dared doom to a prison
One who had boldly arisen,
 Pointing a *safe* path to liberty.

Doomed to a prison-house dreary,
There to spend days and nights weary,
 As a forewarner that liberty
Soon would be his, for 't was saying,
"After a little delaying,
 Thou shalt be free with the sleepers cast."

Josephine,—how was her heart wrung!
When it was told by a strange tongue,
 "Sire of thy darlings a pris'ner is!"
O'ercome with sorrow she cares not,
Though she is doomed to the same lot,
 Heedless she enters her gloomy cell.

But when alone, her swift thoughts flew
Back to the husband, she well knew

 Soon would be launched to eternity.
Hortense and Eugene, she missed them,
Torn from them ere she had kissed them,
 Blessed them, and bid them remember her.

Now comes a message; how grateful!

Once more is broken the hateful,

 Cruel suspense she was suffering;
Happier, actual sorrow,
Than the dread feeling of horror,
 Hung between hoping and hopelessness.

He is condemned! — In the letter
Some of his hair — what could better

 Serve as memento to Josephine?
O'er it she weeps, full well knowing
How the dark stream in its flowing,
 Will with its bitter waves cover her.

CHAPTER VI.

THE EXECUTION.

As to the stroke of the woodman
Yields the brave oak, so the good man
Falls; and as falling the forest tree
Shaketh the valley and mountain,
Filleth with ripples the fountain,
So his death moveth the multitude.

While a man liveth, each failing
Magnified is; the prevailing
 Spirit of earth is base selfishness;
But let a mortal in earth sleep,
Enemies over his grave weep,
 Since he no longer may rival them.

Many a sad soul has waded
Through seas of trouble, when laded
 Deep with some burden most onerous;
Could he have had but the kind word
Spoken while here, that was soon heard
 After he crossed to the spirit land,

Death might have come like a day-dream,
Or, as sweet sleep, when a wild stream
 Lulls one to rest with its merry lay;
And a hope glimmer have lighted
Him through the valley benighted,
 Over the flood, to the resting place.

Hope, that the waves of time lightly
Laying his mark, would more brightly
Cause it to shine in the future time:
That when his form was to dust turned,
He might have what he so well earned,
Earth, to remember his having lived.

This was thy hope, Alexander,
And while the rivers meander,
And the winds shriek through the hollow air,
Man shall not cease to remember
Thee, as the friend and defender,
Friend both of freedom and Josephine.

Now comes the dread execution.
But it brings this retribution,
"Sweet 'tis to die for one's father-land."
Bring to the altar the victim;
Nor with the vile cords afflict him,
He will not shrink to be sacrificed.

He has lain down on his rude bed,
On the red block rests his doomed head,
And his eyes ope' to death's mysteries.
Views he before him the new land;
And the bright crown at the right hand
Of the adorable Majesty?

Now the vile axe has descended,
Soul from the body ascended
Up to its first source, its origin.
Time with the martyr has ended,
Now with eternity blended,
As it was first, to forever be.

Little it matters when life ends
To the just man, since all strife ends
With the last breath, in the distant land,
Home of the spirits made perfect
All are as one, and the prospect
Looks to the throne of the Prince of Peace.

It is a part of life's glory
Learning of God; and the story
Only concludes with eternity;
Let mind be freed from this earth clod,
Then it may learn who the great God
Is, that inhabits immensity.

Shall not the soul that has wondered,
Gazing on bright worlds unnumbered,
Hung in the midst of the firmament,
Guided by those they adore then
Visit them all and explore them,
Learn how the Father created them?

Ne'er will be known to a mortal
Till he shall pass through death's portal,
What God reserves for those loving him.
Know that the highest conception
Falls far below the reflection
Even of one of his attributes.

CHAPTER VII.

THE WIDOW.

OFTEN the dealings of Heaven
Seem in deep mystery hidden.

Why should God take those we love the
best?

Takes them because we are making
Idols of flesh, and forsaking

Him, to whom only is worship due.

✱

There are those who may in part know,
Some of the wild grief and heart woe
Of one who truly a widow is;
But only those who are drinking
Now, or have drank, can be thinking
Even of half the cup's bitterness.

Oft have I watched a procession
Led by a hearse, deep depression
Written on every countenance:
Ghastly the faces, the clothing
Darker than night; but with loathing
I have turned back from the mockery;

For I have seen there the pale face
Proud of its paleness, with hale grace
Striving to look most Madonna like;
Thinking their black garb becoming.
Is such a scene not benumbing,
Chilling to hearts of humanity?

I have seen those too who heedless,
Heedless of show and the needless
Pomp and parade of the funeral,
Bury their dead in some lone grove,
Where the buds bloom, and at eve rove
Silently there to weep over them.

Once, when the night winds were blowing,
As, through a grave-yard was going,
I heard there weeping and wailing sad.
Silent with cautious steps stealing
Near to the head-stone, saw kneeling,
Kneeling a widow, a broken heart,

Weeping her dead, that for long time
Sleeping had been. Was the wrong mine
That I prayed when earth should cover me,
Some one might weep o'er the green sod
Rich from my dust, and no mean clod
Should it appear to those loving me?

Time comes to Josephine grief fraught,
Mourning the death of her consort;

He is dead — she still a prisoner.
Could but the walls of her prison
Tell how her prayers have arisen,
Prayers that from earth went up heavenward ;

Or could the floor of her dark cell
Number how many hot tears fell

While she strove hard to be reconciled,
They would not tell of grief feigning,
But such a tale, as is paining
One to be even the listener.

But the great God has not left her,
Though of her husband bereft her,
Still he afflicteth not willingly.

In this sore grief there are lurking
Mercies benign ; all is working
For her good now, and for evermore.

All have their dead; some are sleeping
Where the mad sea-waves are leaping;
Some where the yew tree and willows wave;
Ever remember to cherish
Dead friends as living; they perish
Not—all will meet once more—grieve them
not.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE RELEASE.

HEMMED in by huge blocks of rough stone,
Where, through the grate the fresh air blown
Mingles with damp breath and loathsomeness;
There may the vigilant turnkey
Prison the body, but still free,
Free as the sea the immortal mind.

Ever the mind is in motion;
Ranging the islands of ocean;
 Seeking the realms of the setting sun;
Leaving the scenes of the present;
Sporting where broods the gold pheasant,
 Or the gazelle roams the mountains o'er.

Darting from thence, where the blue wave
Teems with the seal, and white bears rave,
 And the whale spouts, 'mong those crystal
 hills,
Icebergs, magnificent tow'ring,
Where the fierce cold is o'erpow'ring
 Almost those northern inhabitants.

Chains cannot bind thought; 't is flying
Swifter than light, and defying
 Limits, from earth up to heaven goes.
Though in a prison the life breath
Fails, still the blasting of pale death
 Harms not the reasoning, knowing part.

Josephine's home, though a damp cell,
Often was cheered by the strange spell
 Thrown o'er her mind by Euphemia's
Words, that years gone she had spoken:
Josephine, now so heart broken,
 Finds herself trusting the sybil tale.

Why should she not, since the real,
Answered in form, the ideal
 Fortune marked out by the sorceress?
She did take heart while believing,
Watched for the wings of relieving
 Angels, to bring to her liberty.

When she saw foes were preparing
Also for her to be sharing
 Fate of those dear but unfortunate,
Felt not her courage to falter,
Knowing that man may not alter
 What the Almighty predestinates.

When asked if thoughts of soon dying
Clouded her mind, her replying

Filled every ear with astonishment.
Answered she proudly while smiling,
Smiling on those then reviling,

“Know that I yet shall be Queen of France.”

Josephine was not alone there
Prison bound; but with another fair

Woman who hopelessly looked for death;
'Till one day through the rough grating
Saw, at her prison door waiting,

One who loved her as none other loved.

Quickly she pens a short message,
Telling her heart's darkest presage,

Begging that he would her dungeon ope.
From the close grate to the wide street,
Down the note falls at her love's feet,

Borne to the earth by a cabbage stalk.

That note was read; and the wild fire
Of the stern will, which will not tire
Till the great end is accomplish'd,
Burned in the eye of the reader;
And the brave lover that freed her
Who was his all, freed our Josephine.

Now, the pure fresh air of heaven
That by God freely was given,
Freely is breathed by a nation free.
Josephine now with her dear ones,
Smoothly the current of time runs;
Josephine strives to bring others joy.

Seems as she moves to strew flowers;
And, on the mis'erable, showers
That which she pined for in solitude,
Love;—and those who are oft near her,
When she knows not, sometimes hear her
Speaking the name Alexander.

CHAPTER IX.

EUGENE.

Into this world of temptation,
Luring to foul dissipation,
Where lurks the pit-fall insidious;
Man must go, braving the contest,
Buckling the shield to the broad breast,
Warding the darts of the evil one.

Varied the thought and the feeling,
When from the youth time is stealing
 Studies and sports of his boyish days;
Bringing him cares and stern duties,
Showing life's thorns, with its beauties,
 Bidding him up and be doing now.

He who, in earliest boyhood,
Sees his sire strive for the great good
 Of all his race, a philanthropist,
When he stands up in the wide world,
Stands as a man; and the flag furled,
 Furled at the father's death, floats once more.

Look at the son of the outcast,
See him go down the same track, fast
 Learning the lessons of wretchedness.
Can a child wanton and careless,
Profligate, reckless, and prayerless,
 Lay the foundation for usefulness?

Train up a child in the right way,
When he is old he will not stray
 Far from the safe path of rectitude.
It is the earliest teaching,
That in the young heart is reaching
 Passions that easy are moulded then;

Giving mind bias, preparing
Pleasures of life to be sharing,
 And life's woes bearing with manliness;
That when the changes have ended,
Angel, by angels attended,
 May find a blessed inheritance.

Eugene, his sire Alexander,
Patterned in brav'ry and candor,
 And his affections like Josephine's.
Ever was kind and forgiving;
Cherishing always a living
 Principle, based on integrity.

Who would ask monument higher,

Or to more glory aspire,

Than to bequeath the rich legacy
Of a wise son to a nation?

Who would ask longer probation

Here, than to train up one's children well?

Ever did Eugene remember,

With a respect the most tender,

What his sage father had counselled him.
That he might show this respecting,
From his young mates was selecting
Those who of all were most virtuous;

And with them, being united,

Forming a knighthood, delighted

In the high praise of their patron saint,
Beauharnais — every young knight
By his shade swearing to do right,—
Bound by the oath of their filial love.

In the boudoir, a beholder
Josephine stood,—her heart told her
That on the son, the glad influence
Of the sire's life had descended,
And all his virtues were blended
In the love pledge he had left to her.

Covered with flowers, from the ceiling
Seeming to smile on those kneeling
Down by the altar, a picture hung;
It was the form of *that hero*,
Who, though by death was now laid low,
Still was alive in their memories.

Josephine, standing there weeping,
Felt that his spirit was reaping
Fast its reward from all suffering;
As he beheld the affection
Of the son, and the reflection
Of his own soul, in the filial child.

CHAPTER X.

THE NEW ERA.

As, when with rage unrelenting,
Cruel queen Juno, preventing
Pious Ænéas from Látium,
Called on king Æolus, praying
That he, his sceptre once swaying,
Might bid the winds to the Tuscan sea,

And the storm-king from his high rock
Whirling his spear-point, a huge shock

Gave to the cave in the mountain's side,
Cave, where the fierce winds are chain-bound,
Where they, complaining in vain, sound,
Filling the mountain with murmurings.

At the command, as if rushing

Formed in battalion, all gushing

Out from their vent the mad whirlwinds
came ;

And on the deep salt sea dashing,

Ploughed up great waves, that were lashing,
Rolling themselves to the beaten shore.

Neptune the god of the sea wave,

He to whom great Jove alone gave

Empire of water, and trident power,
Heard the loud noise and commotion,
Knew that the winds with the ocean

Warred ; and high over the highest wave,

Looked from the deep; and assuaging
Water's wrath; stormy winds raging,
Drove o'er the smooth wave his chariot;
Giving his wild steeds the loose reins,
Steeds with hoofs brazen, whose thick manes
Golden, they bathed in their ocean course.

So when the French revolution
Brought to entire dissolution
Law, in the wreck of the powerful;
When the throne fell and the altar,
When the blood shedders did falter,
Seeing France shorn of her dignity;

And the French populace straying,
Open to national preying,
To the invasion of enemies,
Like a flock wanting its keeper,
Prey to the spoils of the reaper
Wolf, that blood-thirsty might follow them;

Bonaparte rose, and disorder
Order became; like a warder

He at his post stood and guarded o'er
France, as he raised her from thick night
Till she shone bright in the red light

Shed by his Cæsar-like conquerings.

And her wild wrath and commotion
Calmed, as did *Neptune the ocean*;

And o'er France ruled as her Emperor;
Giving just law, that observing
Would be her welfare preserving,
Make her a pattern to sister states.

He raised the altar forsaken,

And, with a firmness unshaken,

Battled against infidelity;
Throwing a charm o'er the nation,
Forming a happy mutation

From the dark scenes of the Jacobins.

Health and prosperity blended,
Now the French nation attended,
 Ruled by Napoleon's craftiness;
No other kingdom or empire
But he would crush, if thus higher
 He might his own and France's honor raise.

And the whole nation, its praises,
High and triumphantly raises,
 To the all powerful *Sovereign*;
And in each province or hamlet,
When old dame, peasant or lord met,
 All spake a word of the *Conqueror*.

And all the people in concord,
Mingled their voices, the one word
 Spoken by all but to eulogize,
Was that man's name who had risen,
As a vicegerent from heaven,
 Bonaparte, Bonaparte, Bonaparte.

CHAPTER XI.

THE DEUTEROGAMIST.

How can the memory blacken,

How can the holy ties slacken

That have bound hearts to each other once?

Is there naught sacred or binding,

Worthy respecting or minding

In all the vowing hymenial?

Why should such vows through one's life long
Firmly be kept, if 't is not wrong

That they should end with ones leaving earth?
If the soul died, it might well be,
That all the vows should be then free,
Free to be cast out of memory.

Though we are told that in heaven,
They are not wed, nor are given,

Given in marriage; as angels live,
Still will not those who are dearest
Here on the earth, seem the nearest

When we arrive at our better home?

If not so, why cheer the mourner,
Some poor disheartened sojourner,

Whom friends have left in this vale of tears?
Bid him prepare for the meeting;
Hold himself ready for greeting
Friendly forms over deep Jordan's stream.

In this life those who are twice wed,
Oftimes are jealous of those dead,

Feeling how firm a first love must be;
When in another world, knowing
Where their dear ones are bestowing
All their best love, will they happy be?

Or will none meet up in heaven,
Only those, who have here striven

To be true, true to their early love?
Or, will all be so forgiving,
That they can happy be living,
Knowing themselves with their rivals there?

Or will there be no such scene there,
Meeting of friends, but will all wear

One form, like features and glory, all
The same name, nature and fortune;
How then did Peter, the triune

Know, that he saw on the mountain top?

Be as it may, I would rather
See the pale angel, Death, gather
Dearest friends into his garner, than
See them tear off their dark dresses,
Weaving among their bright tresses
Orange blooms meet for the bridal scene.

Long shall remember the shedding
Of tears, I saw at a wedding,
Tears that were shed by a *widow bride*;
Methought a spirit was guiding,
Guiding her thoughts and soft chiding,
Haply 't was not so; for who shall judge.

Every day of our living
We may see those who are giving,
Giving their sanction to many loves;
It may be right for the *world to*,
Only for *me* it might not do;
Mine may be scruples *not grounded well*.

And among those who are doing
Thus, we are forced to be viewing
 Josephine; she weds again; it is
Bonaparte now who is leading
Her to the shrine, and succeeding
 To the *third love of our heroine*.

But she paid dear for the glory,
As we shall see when the story
 Fully is told, and unravelled is
All the well-knit web of life time,
When we have rung out our last chime,
 Sung our last song for fair Josephine.

CHAPTER XII.

THE CORONATION.

WHAT is a crown to its wearer?

Only a sign that the bearer

Bears with the jewel, the heavy load
Of the whole nation's repining;
And that with gold, is entwining
Care, like a serpent form hideous.

On the brow, stealthy it presses,
Fawning, its clammy caresses

Fill the crowned head with a jealous fear.
Crowns, though they oft fit too tightly,
When they are jostled but lightly,

Fall, and where then is the regal power?

In all the great preparation,
Due to the grand coronation

Of the French Empress and Emperor,
Nothing was spared, that would render
Even the hardest heart tender

To the impressions of loyalty.

In the proud church of "*Our Lady*,"
Under a canopy shady,

Was a throne reared, and its drapery,
Crimson dyed velvet was flooded
With precious stones, and bestudded

With bright gold, fresh from the artisan.

Three hundred voices were raising
Melody sacred, thus praising
Him who had sent their deliverer;
And to the chanting, responded
Bands, who in martial airs sounded
Praise, to their most worthy sovereign.

When music's echo had ended,
Bonaparte, being attended
By friends of rank and his holiness,
Pius the Seventh, arises,
Holding the Bible, apprises
France that she now has an Emperor.

Then, by the royal pledge swearing
That he will ever be sharing
National woe and prosperity,
With his own right hand he raises
The crown to his head, while praises
Loud through the aisles and arches ring.

Josephine, dressed in the glory
Of the fair Houri, that story
Tells of, in realms of the Mussulmans,
Clad in a robe of white satin,
Mantle of crimson and ermine,
Girdle of pure gold with diamonds set;

Thus clad, and rev'rently kneeling,
Token how deep she was feeling
Weight of the burden, about to be
Placed on her head, now accepted
A crown, from one she expected
Ever would own her *his Empress Queen*.

And those who gazed on her beauty
As she arose to her duty,
Doubtless, now deemed her far happier
Than when with William she wandered
Martinique's shores, and there pondered,
In her young heart, thoughts of coming life.

“Coming life!” how much of pleasure
Is there embraced in the treasure
Which the mind has in imagining?
Build a high castle of thin air;
Though it should fall, it will still wear,
Part of its fancied magnificence.

Happy is life, by well doing,
Happy the mind, in *thrice* viewing
Deeds that are looked at with honest pride.
Happy the *future*; increasing
Happy the *present*; unceasing
Happy the *past* is with memories.

Pleasures we had in the last year,
Thought of to-day, seem far more dear
Than we supposed they were, at the time
We were enjoying; to-day will,
When it forever is gone, still
Brighter grow, as we remember it.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE AMBITIOUS ONE.

BONAPARTE, skillful in ruling,
Wanted the skill for well schooling
That good though dangerous principle
Which in his breast was ascendent,
Which made his powers all attendant
To its will. He was *ambition's slave*.

He who his own spirit guideth
Stronger is, than he who 'bideth

In a great city as conquerer.
He who has no rule, is spoken
Of as a city whose broken

Walls are with vile weeds and grasses grown.

Mars, the fierce god, to vain glory
Led him through battle fields gory:

How must his mind have in lonely hours,
Thronged with a valley of dry bones;
And his ears filled with the deep groans,
Groans he had heard 'neath his horse's tread?

When on the "lone isle" an outcast,
Did not the whistling winds' blast

Bring the dread shrieks to his memory,
Heard on the dark field of battle,
Shrieks that the wild din and rattle
Of his artillery smothered not?

Did not the rain drops at eve-tide,
Seem like the tears of some girl bride
 Widowed, or those by some mother shed
Over a husband or son brave,
Hurried away to the still grave,
 Slain in the wars of *Ambition's dupe*?

Did not the low murm'ring sea breeze,
Breath of the wild rolling salt seas,
 Seem like the moans of the murdered one,
Whose heart he crushed by unkindness,
While his own soul was in blindness
 Leagued, to the fiend form that governed him?

France had become a great empire;
Brighter, still brighter the wild fire
 Burned in the breast of Napoleon.
Could his pride suffer that ever
She should be ruled by one never
 Born to him who had established her?

He had no son, and the treasure
He had heaped up gave no pleasure,
Knowing if death came he left it all.
Loudly his pride and ambition
Called for a change of position,
Change that might bring him a royal heir.

Deeply was Josephine grieving,
When, by her skill in perceiving,
She saw how coldly the Emperor
Was to her day by day growing;
Bitter tears, frequently flowing,
Made her cheek paler and thinner grow.

Fate had forbidden her bearing
Offspring, to him who was caring
Nothing for love or for holiness,
Could his fame not be augmented;
Only one thing now prevented
Joining the Cæsars and Bonapartes.

Could his great mind to such folly
Stoop, or a thought so unholy

Cherish, as parting from Josephine?
Only can those whom Ambition
Blindly has led to perdition,
Tell how the siren devours the soul.

What is Ambition? The moving
Force of the mind, the reproving
Spirit that breaks the world's lethargy.
What the abuse? It is losing
Sway o'er the mind; and refusing
Even to listen to reasoning.

'Tis a continual death weight
Bound to the soul: to be called great,
Constitutes then the whole happiness;
Down falls the heart's best affection;
Truthfulness, honor, reflection,
Cast to the wind are as chaff is.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE RAY OF HOPE DARKENED.

It is an old, but good saying,
Worthy of carefully weighing,
“Many a slip ’twixt the cup and lip.”
Many a flower at its blooming
Promises fruit, when consuming
Blast may be deep in its calix hid.

Josephine saw the clouds lower
Round her, and knowing the power
Daily she lost o'er the Emperor,
Joyed, when her Hortense was mother,
Giving Napoleon's brother
Heir to his name and inheritance.

For she was hoping, by giving
To the child name of the living
Emperor, he might persuaded be
To make the child his own lawful
Heir, and by this means her awful
Fate would most surely be warded off.

And as that bud was unfolding,
Bonaparte, in it beholding
Traits of his own warlike character,
Bade that the boy be respected,
As the one France now expected
Next to preside and rule over her.

France, with a glad exclamation,
Welcomed the wise declaration,
Honored the second Napoleon.
Josephine, blessed by her grandchild,
Happy, because a kind fate smiled,
Looked on the world with untroubled eye.

Man is a shadow that fleeth
Ere one can say that he seeth;
Trusting in princes is vanity.
Death cuts us all to one bevel.
Earth is the great human level.
Nobles to dust turn like lowly born.

Death saw the child, and an arrow
Sped from his bow, for the narrow
Grave claimed the form of the little one;
And the bright angels above him,
Wanted him where they could love him,
Not as an earth, but a heaven child.

Josephine deeply affected

By what she had not expected

So soon would come to the royal born,
Wept not alone that he left her,
But that grim death had bereft her
In him, of all her remaining hope.

Not that the crown should be taken

Cared she, if love still unshaken

Might be her own; but it grieved her sore,
Thinking she who might be wearing
Her crown, and with it be sharing
Bonaparte's love, was an Austrian.

With this dark prospect before her,

Striving for aught to restore her

To the respect of her despot lord;
Fervently prayed him, while weeping,
That he his holy vow keeping,

Might make her Eugene his lawful heir.

But in his mind there now floated

Beautiful vision, he gloated

On in his dreams; should there never be
Really, realization

Of all his anticipation,

Lover-like had of the Cæsar born?

Yes, there must be; but he told her

Not yet how cheap he had sold her

Who had so long been his ruling star.

Feigned to her that he accepted

Eugene as heir; this protected

Her from all feelings of bitterness.

But the time came when she well knew

That even *she* had become due

To the great gamester that Bonaparte
Played with: for losing the last stake

He had naught left that he could take

But her, to give to Ambition's hand.

CHAPTER XV.

THE DIVORCE.

DEAD, while yet living, for surely
It is not life to demurely
Sit down a being disconsolate;
Nor is it death; for in dying,
Though to a worse fate were flying,
We might be free from our present ills.

Woman, hast thou not a nearer
Friend than a brother, and dearer
To thy own soul than thy being is?
In whom are all thy best joys found?
How to thy ear would such words sound
From him, as Josephine listened to?

Bonaparte loved her (?) Oh! heaven!
Why was the power ever given,
Given to him over Josephine?
Still he declared he *would love her*
Ever the same, nor above her
Prize his young beautiful Austrian.

Bonaparte loved her, but better
Loved his own fame; to unfetter
Her from his soul, and thus higher rise,
Though it might cost him the heart-ache,
Fame, with its wreath, would in part make
Even that wrong right, the tempter said.

Therefore he told her no longer
Could they be bound by aught stronger
Than by the ties that bound other friends.
She must depart; for Maria
Waited for her; his desire
Was that she ever might happy live.

Josephine, hearing her doom told,
Fell to the floor, as though death's cold
Hand had deprived her of consciousness;
Fell, like the wounded dove "breathing
Out life 'mong the stars," when receiving
Shaft from the bow of Eurytion.

As in the dove's breast the arrow
Fell to the ground, so her sorrow
Fixed in her soul was, she bore it down
In the wound, even to death's door,
Being there, bearing it no more
Left the dart, laid at the archer's feet.

In her deep sorrow she ever
Bonaparte loved, and would never
 Call him unkind; but was deeming that
It was not him who commanded;
But it was France who demanded
 That she should make the great sacrifice.

But in her own mind was knowing
That she would ne'er have been going
 Far from her throne and the Emperor,
Had not Napoleon trusted
By it, to gain what he lusted
 For, full sway over a conquered world.

She did not curse as did Dido,
(When she, forewarned that her shadow
 Should not in Hades be reconciled:
That, from the grim world appearing,
Should her pale ghost oft' be nearing
 Him who had coldly forsaken her;)

But, with the gentlest submission,
Yielded her royal position;
Gave to Maria Louisa all,
Like a good child whom its mother
Careful, has taught how to smother
Every evil propensity.

Josephine thought when this blow came
Deeply again of the old dame,
Martinique's sybil, Euphemia;
Her faith had now become stronger
In the tale told, and no longer
Doubted that destiny governed her.

CHAPTER XVI.

MALMAISON AND NAVARRE.

JOSEPHINE from the French court sent,
To that loved mansion alone went,
Where, as the bride of Napoleon,
Twelve years before she had gladly
Entered. What contrast! now sadly,
More than a widow, she enters there.

Bonaparte's room, as he left it
Still must remain; it was not fit
 (So she deemed) that she should alter it;
There lay his chart, books, and clothing;
Here was her rest, when with loathing,
 She would leave earth, to weep over love.

Several months of unbroken
Sorrow she passed here; each token
 That could remind of the Emperor,
Opened anew the deep heart-wound;
Too much of sorrow she here found,
 So sought Navarre and its solitude.

Desolate all its fair grounds lay,
As a sad mark of that dark day
 France saw — the dread Revolution.
Ev'rything sere and neglected,
Type of her heart so dejected,
 Could she but love such a resting place?

Here she was daily pursuing
Means to efface the sad ruin

Marks that were ev'ry where round her;
But, the proud hopes of her fond heart
Ruined, would no more to life start,
Or as the broken down gardens thrive.

Here, at Navarre, come the tidings
That to fair Josephine's heart brings
Joy, with its mingling of bitterness.
Lo! there is born a Prince royal,
Loud cries each subject most loyal;
Echo the message reverberates.

Josephine's soul thrills with pleasure,
For she well knows beyond measure
Now is the joy of Napoleon;
After the pleasure-thrill, sadness
Comes, when she thinks to what madness
That child has driven great Bonaparte.

And how that madness brought anguish,
Anguish to her, she must languish,

Pine for the love that was given now
To that boy's Austrian mother;
Would to the gods she could smother
Memories sad of her wretchedness.

Josephine deemed it a pleasure
Even to look on the treasure,

Which had cost *her* such a sacrifice.
Had not her heart-strings been broken?
Troubles too great to be spoken
She bore — Maria, a royal babe.

Few were the pangs of the mother,
Many the pangs of the other

Suff'rer: Maria Louisa knew
Naught of the anguish of soul woes,
How they surpassed even birth throes:
All was *too well known to Josephine.*

Bonaparte brought her the young child;
When she beheld him, she wept, — smiled,
 Smiled through a torrent of falling tears;
As oft in nature the sun bright
Looks through a cloud, and its warm light
 Shines on of rain drops a myriad.

Close to her bosom she presses
Bonaparte's child, and caresses
 The son, as she oft had his royal sire;
Seeing the father's loved image,
Pays to the child the *same homage*
 Carthage's queen did to Ascanius.

Could not such heartfelt devotion
Waken a tender emotion
 In the cold heart of Napoleon?
He so well skilled in excusing
Wrongs, might have felt an accusing
 Spirit, but quick he would smother it.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE FALLEN STAR.

THERE are, who tell us the stars guide
All of us over the time tide,

Down to the gulf of oblivion.

There are, who trust to the fable,
Deeming that *He* who was able

To make stars, might make them ominous.

These, watch the signs of the burning
Orbs of still night, and are learning

Thus, or pretend they learn, augury.
If the stars, changing positions
Alter the winds, dispositions

Human as well may be changed by stars.

It is a mind superstitious,
That would deem one star propitious,
While in the same constellation was,
'Neath the same cloud by chance hiding,
In the same blue home abiding,
Other stars, called most unfortunate.

Born of a marvellous nation,
In land of wild incantation,
Nature made Josephine marvellous;
Even her mind had a blending
Of traits, betraying strong tending
To a belief in Astrology.

This, she was often betraying
When at her vitals were preying
Sorrows, as once the fierce vultures preyed
On his, who brought down from heaven
Fire, that its power might be given
To men, as to gods—old Prometheus.

When came the last and worse trial,
When the wrath angel's last vial
On her was poured; when proud Bonaparte
Left her, she said 't was her reigning
Star that ruled France, at its waning
He would be thrown from his eminence.

Truly she said; if no guiding
Star ruled the fates, the abiding,
Provident justice of Deity
Could not forever afflict her;
But from her foes would protect her,
Bring down the high hands that troubled her.

Bonaparte's warriors no longer

Were the invincible, stronger

Arms had repeatedly vanquished them ;

And his throne shook like the quaking

Of earth, and the nations were waking

Up to the conqueror's overthrow.

Long had they lain down supinely

In the dust ; God had divinely

Given them strength ; they would use it now ;

Bonaparte no more should wander

With his proud legions, to squander

Happiness, life-blood and liberty.

Bonaparte's glory was fading ;

Still he was hoping by wading

Through seas of blood, earth might tremble, as

In the wind, aspen leaves quiver,

When he should pour as a river,

Armies upon them, to devastate.

Useless the strife; it was striving
'Gainst the old world, now reviving
From a deep, long, and refreshing sleep,
In all its youthfulness waking;
From its grey locks the world shaking
Age, warred as ancient Entellus, once

When he was *dared* to the contest,
Matched by young Dares and close pressed
By thick blows, conscious worth fired his
soul;
As the thick showers on the house-top
Fell his strokes, quickly dealt,—no stop
Till o'er the plain he brave Dares drove.

So the world, armed as with Cestus,
Fell on the Corsican; he thus
Vanquished was, and like young Dares gave
Up the fierce contest, and yielding
To the gods, sought for the shielding
Refuge, which friendly hearts offered him.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A WOMAN'S LOVE.

BONAPARTE'S bright days of glory
Gone, seem to him like a story
When it is told; a dark vision is
All that remains; a Chimera
Soon to devour now draws nearer;
He, whom the nations feared, fearful is.

And it comes — Bonaparte's banished!

Seeing his earth hopes have vanished

Has he aught now that can comfort him?

Can that son, born to be cage-bound

Like a wild beast, heal the sore wound

Made in the Monarch's ambitious soul?

Bonaparte's stripped of his power —

Wrenched from his grasp in an hour,

Is that for which he had labored years.

Island of Elba his home now;

She who should soothe his care-worn brow,

Ease his pained heart, has deserted him;

Gone to the home of her father,

Born of a King, she would rather

Not be deprived of a royal home.

Bonaparte's crown she respected:

Crownless, must she be expected

Now in his downfall to cherish him?

Who is it when blight has coldly
Fixed on man's name, that will boldly
Bleach the dark stains of tongues pestilent;
Solving the riddle, and clearing
All doubts away, that appearing
Pure and still noble, the loved may be?

'Tis the true wife; she will ever
Bless whom earth curses, and never
Cease to hide faults from the idle gaze.
Never desert; but will follow
Where famine stalks with its hollow
Cheek; and for love build its sepulchre.

Is there no mortal whose tender
Heart some assistance may render
To the unfortunate Bonaparte?
Some one to cheer the lone outcast,
Wiping the marks of the dread past,
Quite from the *Hero's* pressed memory?

Love with its halo might lighten
Some of his cares; his hopes brighten;
 Bonaparte, even at Elba might,
Being loved, conquer the yearning
Spirit that in him was burning,
 Burning to vanquish his vanquishers.

Yes there is one, (though Maria,
Has in her breast no desire
 Now to commune with the Emperor),
Whose heart would fill full of gladness,
Could she cheer Bonaparte's sadness,
 Josephine, Josephine, Josephine.

He whom she loved was afflicted;
With her star, (as she predicted,)
 Had waned the fame of Napoleon:
Now she would fly to the outcast;
Freely forgive him the wrongs past,
 Which had made her such a sufferer.

Could he refuse her the blessing
Of his now care-wreathed brow pressing,
 Since there was none, save, to sympathize?
She would fly over the ocean,
She might perchance the commotion
 Soothe, in the breast of the troubled one.

Even this, which she had cherished
As her last hope, had now perished:
 No more the goddess Hygeia
O'er her health watched, pale disease came
Sowing its seeds in her frail frame,
 Destined to soon let the spirit free.

CHAPTER XIX.

DEATH.

WHAT is death? Is it a dreamless
Sleep? And the grave, is it gleamless?
Is there no ray of hope piercing it?
What is death? Is it but losing
Forms we here wore, and then choosing
Other forms, demon or angel like?

What is death? Utter destruction
Of this strange human construction,
And the soul, even more strangely formed?
Is the grave only a flow'r bed,
Nourished by dust of those long dead;
Will that dust never immortal rise?

Death is *like* sleep, one awaking
Always the same form is taking
That he bore, ere he was slumbering,
Only refreshed, and the death sleep
Has the same waking, 't is then meet
That we prepare for our longest sleep.

When we awake, at the sounding
Of the last trump, the surrounding
Clods of the valley shall yield their dead,
Many a turf of the hill-side,
Many a wave of the blue tide
Presses the dust of humanity.

He that was holy will still be
Holy; the filthy still filthy;

Only changed as to mortality.

Bone will to bone be united;

Since out of chaos benighted,

Matter came, ne'er was an atom lost.

All must die, none are too youthful,

None too old, wayward or truthful,

Evil and good, young and old must die.

Death fears not summer's hot breezes;

Winter's cold blast never freezes,

Darkness and night are no barrier.

At noon the pestilence stalketh

Through the proud city and walketh

Shapeless among the high mountain homes.

Death enters cottage or palace,

Bearing in each hand a chalice

Poisoned, to press to his victim's lips.

Josephine folded her pale hands,
While the death angel the life bands
 Broke, which were binding her spirit in,
Upward it flew to the regions,
Where, with the sanctified legions,
 She might be crowned through eternity.

Down went the star in its beauty:
Latest life care and last duty
 Now was completed, the sorrow clouds
Crossing the star, left it shining,
And as it sank, its declining
 Glories were spread o'er the universe.

Furled were the sails in port heaven,
Anchored at last, though oft driven
 By the fierce winds of adversity.
Yielded the ship to its maker:
Jordan had rolled the last breaker
 That would dash Josephine's shattered bark.

Heaven, the blest land of no night:
Those who dwell there need no sunlight,
Nor the pale moon, or the twinkling stars.
He who from nothing a world brought,
Hung it in space, to revolve taught,
Lights his own throne with his glory beams.

Ending life's fitful commotion,
May I be worthy a portion
In that eternal inheritance;
Even as servant, attending
One of the throng who are bending
Down at the throne of the Holy One.

THE LOVE OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

THE LOVE OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

CHAPTER I.

WHERE the bright morning
Sun, in its rising
From its east chamber,
Gildeth the mountains,
On whose pale summits
Snow-drifts are lying,
On whose rough bosoms
Forests are growing;

Where in the valley
Rushes the river;
And the buds bursting,
Change into flowers,
Filling with sweetness,
All the air 'round them;
Where the birds warble
Songs to their maker,
Songs full of pathos,
And their breasts quiver,
Like the soft lute-string
Struck by the skillful
Hand of the artist;
Where the lambs, roving,
Skipping and playing,
Close to their mothers,
Seem to be happy,
There is a cottage;
And the fresh roses,
Of a June morning,

Cover the window,
Window that westward,
Looks to the mountains;
And the tall elm-trees,
At the four corners,
Throw their deep shadows
Over the low roof;
And the moss, growing
On the brown wood-work,
Covers with freckles.
Here in the evening,
Ere the moon coming,
Throws her pale splendor
On the blue lakelet;
Ere the first star-beam
Dares to be shining
In the broad heavens
After the sunset;
While there still lingers
'Round the high mountains,

Some of the glory
Of the bright day king;
And all the clouds are
Tinged with the purple,
And the deep crimson
Of the sun's setting;
When the light golden
Seems to be fading
Into the azure,
Then from the pasture,
Where they the day long,
Happy have wandered
Cropping the herbage,
Drinking the water
Clear as the crystal,
Come the cows homeward;
And at the barnyard
Meeting the milkers,
Fill the pails brimming.
But when the clouds fade,

Losing their bright glow,
Growing more sombre,
Float in the star light;
And on the gray rock,
Down by the meadow,
Whipporwills singing
Songs of the night time,
Make one feel gloomy;
Then in the cottage,
In the old arm-chair,
Sits the good farmer
Reading the story
Of the blest infant
Born in a manger.
By him his good dame
Sits with her knitting;
And the granddaughter,
“*Love of the Household*,”
Stands by the arm-chair,
Stroking the grey locks.

Of her grandfather ;
Now and then looking
At the old time-piece,
That in the corner
Fifty years standing
Never has failed them,
Giving its warning,
"Time fast was flying,"
As it were bidding
Them to be ready,
For the last summons.
Now her eyes wand'ring,
Fall on a picture,
On the wall hanging ;
Though it is dingy,
Still she discovers
There a fair maiden
Seated beside one,
Handsome and manly ;
And her own bosom

Beating so wildly,
Tells but too plainly,
She has a lover.
But to the old clock
Sounding its eighth chime,
All eyes are turning,
For the retiring
Hour is approaching;
And the whole household
Kneel down together,
While the old farmer
Prays to the Father;
But the fair maiden,
Though she was kneeling,
Heard not a word said,
But when arising,
Lighting her candle,
Whispers a good night,
Hies to her chamber;
But not to slumber,

Silently listens,
Listens till certain
Both her grandparents
Soundly are sleeping.
Then like a fairy
Runs to her mirror,
Curling her dark locks,
That like a shower
Fall on a bosom
Whiter than snow is.
Holding the candle
Nearer the clear glass
In its antique frame,
What does she see there?
Is it a picture?
Never was living
Beauty so perfect.
From those eyes flashing,
Queenly expression;
And the brow pure and

Fair as the lily;
While on her cheek, bloom
Roses of health-glow.
Is it a wonder
If a faint smile played
Round those sweet lips, where
Kisses would soon be
Lavished profusely?
Back to the parlor,
Now she returning,
Looks at the old clock,
Counting the moments
Ere she may greet him,
Who the last evening,
As they were strolling
Down by the lake side,
Whispered his love words,
Gently beseeching,
That she might answer,
If a like passion

Burned in her bosom ;
But she had left him,
Answering nothing,
When she was longing,
Longing to tell him
How she had loved him,
Hoping and fearing.
But the time passes,
When he had told her
He should be with her ;
And the fair maiden
Sighs, and a tear starts :
Had he forsaken,
Who the last evening
Made her so happy ?
Then she remembered
How, when he left her,
Pale was his forehead,
And his hand trembled,
While he was pressing

Hers, that she coldly
Drew from his clasping.
What was the reason
That he should tarry?
Was he then mourning,
Thinking her heartless?
Or was he scorning,
Seeking some other
Who would not trifle
With his devotion?
Had she but told him,
When he was pleading,
Half her heart's worship,
He had been richer,
She none the poorer,
Far less unhappy.
Now she will listen,
He may be crossing
Over the stone bridge,
And she may hear him,

Hear his quick footfall,
And must stop weeping,
Lest he should see her,
And thus discover
How she was loving;
Yet was half hoping,
There might one tear-drop
Hang on her lashes,
So he might ask her
Had she been weeping?
Hark! he is coming;
That is his low tap,
Heard on the casement.
Lifts up the door latch
Slowly and gently,
Lest that grandmother
Should be awakened.
Harold has entered,
Smiling but sadly,
Welcoming Mary —

"Love of the Household."

Takes the great arm-chair

Left by the farmer,

But the low cricket,

Standing beside it,

Where the fair Mary

Would have been seated,

Careless he moveth .

Into the corner.

Then begins chatting

Over the gossip

Of the whole village,

Tells of some sisters,

Over the mountains,

Lovers of nature,

Who have invited

Him on the morrow,

With them to ramble,

Where there are growing

Wonderful flowers,

And to the ledges
Where the red tourmaline
Is in abundance,
And the green beryl,
Felspar and mica,
Quartz and the garnet,
Yield to the student
Plentiful harvest.
Mary was silent.
What was the matter?
Had he forgotten,
What the last evening
Was his whole story?
No. He remembered
More — that she coldly
Answered him nothing;
And when they parted,
Heartlessly left him
Without a token
Of her affection.

Still he is chátting,
But not a word says
That she may answer;
And the big tears start.
Does he observe them?
Now he is talking
With the white kitten,
Whom its fair mistress
Sees is her rival,
On his knee sitting,
Quietly purring.
Now he arises,
Home must be going,
That on the morrow,
He may with vigor
Ramble the mountains;
He does not linger
Long at the doorway;
Does not ask Mary

If in the moonlight
She will go with him
Far as the stone bridge:
Leaves her abruptly,
With a faint "good night,"
Not the sweet "good bye"
That he was wont to
Speak as he kissed her.
Now the door closes.
Wretched is Mary;
Let her remember
Harold was last night,
So is he now too,
Did she but know it,
As he stands looking
In through the window
Watching each motion,
Hoping the lesson
Will prove to Mary

That in flirtations,
Oft the beginner,
Finds that the victim
Also wears armor.

CHAPTER II.

FROM the tall elm trees
Blue birds sweet singing,
And the tame red breast
On the old gate post
Cheruping, warbling;
And the swift swallow
Twittering, glancing,
Chanticleer loud his

Clarion sounding,
Make a full chorus,
Waken the household.
And first arising,
Mary commences
Breakfast preparing:
When it is ready,
Calls her grandparents;
And they together,
While the sun rises,
Share in the bounty
Which the Great Giver
Has on them lavished.
And the meal ended,
Grandfather goeth
Out to his labor,
Turning the furrow
Smoothly and even,
That on the morrow
He may trust earth with

Grains of gold seed corn,
Hoping a harvest.
Mary the dishes
Quietly washes,
And this completed
Goes to the churning;
While the grandmother
Works at the distaff,
Watching her Mary,
Whom she sees striving
Hard to be happy,
Now and then singing
Parts of old ballads;
Then silent gazing
Out at the window
Noticing nothing.
Now the good granddame
Breaks the long silence,
Calls to her Mary,
“*Love of the Household,*”

Saying, "come Mary,
Sit thee down by me,
For I would tell thee,
Tell thee a story.
Let not the blushes
Come to thy fair cheek,
While I shall let thee
Know that I heard thee
Talking the last night,
With thine own spirit.
I was not sleeping
When thy guest entered;
Nay, do not weep, love;
I am not chiding;
It is well for thee
That thy young heart should
Learn to be loving.
But, gentle Mary,
Thou hast not learned yet
All the heart's workings;

And thy grandmother,
Though an old woman,
Has not forgotten
Days of her girlhood.
Mary, I'll show thee
What love's effects are
On hearts as timid,
Trusting as thine is;
Deeply implanted,
Part of the nature,
Ever enduring,
And if it crushed is,
Crushes all with it;
For in the heart's core
Lies the wound deepest;
There it will rankle,
Like a thorn piercing;
Fester, embitter
All the life's current;
And the cheek pale grows,

As by sharp famine,
Till the soul tired,
Bursts its enclosure;
And all around ask,
'What was the death blow?'
But none can answer:
Deepest love never
Utters the story,
But with its secret
Hid in the darkness
Of its own prison,
Flies from this earth scene.
Not so a man loves,
Though he may never
Banish entirely
Dreams of his first love;
But in the tumult
Of the world's moving,
Keeps his mind distant
From his own feelings.

Only at twilight,
Or in still evening,
When he is lonely,
Or hears a voice sound
Like the loved lost one,
That a tear gushes
Up to his eye lids;
Then his mind wanders
Back to the old scenes,
But he quick rallys,
Lets some wild fury
Seize on his heart-strings.
Man may grow desperate,
Sullen and heartless,
But rarely dies, by
Being neglected.
Many a stern man,
Cold and dejected,
Selfish appearing,
Has in his bosom,

Framed and hung up there,
Pictures of beauty;
And, where the rose bloomed,
Still there remaineth
Some of its fragrance.
Look at the picture
On the wall, Mary;
There is the artist,
Even the painter,
Skill of whose pencil
Wrought the fair picture,
Wrought his own form there;
With his the maiden's.
Oh! I remember,
When in their beauty,
They have together
Roamed yonder mountains,
Gathering flowers,
And the bright berries.
Sometimes I noticed,

When from their rambles
They had returned home,
Home to the cottage,
Mary coquettish,
(Her name was Mary,)
Strove to seem heartless.
I could see Walter's
Brow was o'ershadowed,
And that the love-light
Fled from his dark eye;
But when the smile came
Back to our Mary,
He would be happy.
Thus it was often;
And I was chiding,
Saying, 'not so child,
Not so my daughter.'
But she replying,
Said, 'why he loves me,
Let me torment him;

I am good sometimes,
Shall be good always,
When I am older.'
But in the autumn
When the corn ripened,
And the fruit mellow,
Asked to be gathered;
When the first frost tinge,
On the bleak mountains,
Had turned the leaves pale,
Crimson and yellow;
When through the forest,
Happy the huntsman
Followed the red fox,
Season of sporting,
Walter was absent,
Missed at our fireside,
Missed in the evening,
When at the husking
All the young people

Joyful assembled.
Still was our Mary
Blithsome and happy,
Romped with the peasants,
Sought for the '*red ears*;
And when the lasses
Asked, where was Walter,
Said she knew nothing,
And was less caring,
Hoped he was happy,
Happy as she was;
But when no eye saw
Only her mother's,
Then was the gloom cloud
Over her brow cast,
And the salt tear fell
When she was sleeping,
And the deep sigh came
Up from her bosom.
Many pale moons passed,

And the snow flakes fell,
And the broad stream was
Bound by an ice bridge;
Then Mary sought him,
Asked his forgiveness,
Begged he would treat her
No more so coldly,
Once more receive her
Back to his love trust.
And he received her;
(At least he said so)
But he remembered,
How once his heart bled,
And one by watching,
Might see there lurking
Thoughts of revenging.
When spring once more came,
We were preparing
Here at the cottage,
For the approaching

Wedding of Mary.
Ev'rything pleasant,
Hearts all in concord,
Walter and Mary
Seemed to be striving,
Each that the other
Might be made happy.
But when the day came
Fixed for the nuptials,
Walter appeared not.
And when the priest came
That he might bless them,
Mary as dead lay;
And all the night long,
Here on my bosom,
Praying, I watched her;
But when the morning
Light fell upon her,
She to her duties
Went uncomplaining;

But all her joys fled,
Only smiled once more,
When she received you,
Mary, the first time
Into her pale arms.
Smiling she left us.
Walter's revenging,
Though it did murder
Our only daughter,
Left us not childless;
For since then, Mary,
Hast thou been made '*The*
Love of the Household.'
Dost thou remember,
That a tall stranger,
Not many years gone
Came to our cottage?
That was thy father,
He for forgiveness
Came, and we gave it;

For I saw written
On his pale features,
That in his heart was
Reared a green grave mound.
Now a far distant
Land is his last home;
For he is sleeping."

CHAPTER III.

WHEN the tale ended,
Mary was weeping,
For she had learned now,
What had before been
Hid from her kenning.
Oft had she questioned,
Who were her parents?
And the reply was

From her grandmother,
Always the same words,
"Those who would love thee
Not more than we do."
Now, she no longer
Wondered, they told not,
For it had grieved her,
Learning the story,
Sad, yet so life like,
Full of the breaking
Of the young, trusting
Heart of her mother:
Yet, she saw something
Therein, which argued
That all the sorrow
Might have been warded,
Had not that mother
Woke in her lover,
Spirit revenging.
And now her own breast

Filled was with chiding:
Had she not trifled
With the affections
Of one she trusted?
Might not a fury
Now be at work there?
Could she not fall too?
Fall as her mother?
Well might she shudder.
Up to her chamber
Mary then hastened,
And at her bed side
Humbly she kneeled down,
Asking direction,
Asking the help of
"Him who is mighty,"
Trusting her welfare
With the All Careful.
And when she rose up,
Strength had been gathered,

And she determined
Ere the night dews fell,
That she would conquer
All the like spirit,
Spirit of trifling,
She might inherit
From her lost mother.
Then comes a sad thought,
Where now is Harold?
Over the mountains,
With the fair sisters?
Has he been thinking,
Once while he sported,
Thinking of Mary?
And something whispers:
"Always is thinking,
Never forgetting."
What was it whispered?
* * * * *
After the sun turned

From the high noon goal,
Rolling down westward,
Stretched to the north, lay
Piles of clouds fleecy,
One from another
Rising like billows
Covered with white foam;
But at their bases
Black and unbroken;
And from the mountains
Rose a steam upward,
Earth to the clouds sent
Vapors sulphuric,
That soon returning
Would wake the echoes.
Now 'mong the elm trees,
Softly a breeze played,
And the dry, parched leaves
Noisily rustled,
And the deep, sultry

Air of the cottage
Told the approaching
Tempest was coming,
Idle, boy anglers,
Who through the day long,
In the blue lake, had
Patiently fished for
Nibblers, not worth the
Trouble of scaling,
Gave up their cruel
Sport, for they well knew
Fish would not bite when
Raged the wild tempest,
And the live thunder
Now was loud roaring,
Speaking with voice of
Ten thousand lions,
Caged in the pent cloud;
And the bright lightning
Seemed like the forked tongue

Of some huge serpent
Piercing the heavens.
In the green meadow
Feeding, the filly
Heard the loud clang of
Nature's war trumpet;
And like a wild steed
Snorting, the field o'er
Bounds in her wild fright.
Now comes the rain down,
And the sharp hail stones
On the roof clattering.
As the old farmer
Looks to the mountain,
Sees the brave oak tree
Torn from its birth place;
And the tall pine, cleft
Into four-quarters,
Hurled to the valley.
Mary affrighted

Knows not but Harold,
On the wild mountain,
Breathes out his life breath
To the wild tempest:
Silently prays that
God may preserve him.
But what is coming
Over the stone bridge,
Swift as the lightning?
It is the black steed
Harold is driving;
Now comes a loud clap
Of the harsh thunder,
And the fierce mettle
Of the swift courser
Fairly aroused is;
Wildly he dashes
Saddle and rider,
'Gainst the rude railing
Of the old stone bridge.

Has the dark river,
Foaming and rushing,
Swelled by the torrent,
Poured down the mountain,
Caught on its bosom
Harold's dead body?
Wildly, the farmer,
Followed by Mary
And the grandmother,
Hastes to the wild scene;
Though the rain drenches,
And the bolts threaten,
Yet will they seek to
Know if young Harold
Living or dead is,
Or, if the stream has
Borne from their viewing;
But they behold there
Not Harold lifeless,
But a pale stranger,

Bleeding and dying.
Gently the farmer
Raises the cold form;
Scarcely is able,
Now he has grown old,
To bear the strong man
Into the cottage.
This done they lay him
On a couch; Mary
Wipes off the red blood;
And the good grand dame,
Like all old women,
Skillful in nursing,
Poundeth the bitter
Wormwood, and bindeth
On the deep flesh wound,
And the good grandsire
Mingles the cordial,
Lavender, strong wine,
Sweetened with honey.

In their humane acts,
Mind not the tempest,
Till by chance, Mary
Sees the bow painted,
And the clouds broken.

* * * *

As the sun setting
Hides his bright visage,
Sinks the man dying.
Calls the old farmer,
Gives him a paper,
Looks on the picture
On the wall hanging,
Then from earth passes.
Mary feels lonely,
And the air cool and
Pure seems inviting
Her, so she strays down
By the rock in the
Meadow, where she knows
Harold is often

Seated for study,
Or to contemplate
On nature's beauties.
As she approaches,
Sees him there seated;
Then she knows certain
He has not rambled
This day the mountains;
And her quick nature
Prompts her to ask him,
How are those sisters?
Show her the flowers,
Specimens rare, that
He has collected;
Ask, if it thundered
On the high mountain,
And if the maidens
Frighted hung round him,
As hangs the ivy
Round the old oak tree;

If he protected;
But she remembered
That she had sworn to
Conquer that spirit;
So she approaches
Careful, lest breaking
In on the student's
Dream philosophic,
She may disturb some
Thought worth preserving.
He is not mindful
That she is near him,
Till her hand presses
On his pale forehead;
For he was sitting
'Gainst a tree, leaning,
With his hat lying
On the rock by him;
Closed were his dark eyes,
But when they opened,

Mary was sitting
Closely beside him,
Mary, his Mary;
For so she told him
She would one day be,
Ere they were parting;
And there she told him
What was her anguish
In the wild tempest;
How she was fearing
That she might never
Tell him the story,
That she so longed to
Ere he first asked it.
Then of the stranger
Spoke, by whose coming
All were affrighted;
How he had died there,
Left a strange paper,
No one was knowing

What 't was containing.
Harold replying,
Says, "we will enter
Now the old cottage,
For the ground damp is
From the late shower;
We should not linger
Long in the dampness."
Happy they enter,
Find the old farmer
Reading the paper.
It was no stranger
That they had sheltered,
But Mary's father,
Unhappy Walter,
Whom they supposed dead
In a land distant.
He had brought treasures,
Left them for Mary.
But why does Harold

Enter the cottage
Now it is daylight,
When the last evening
He was so cautious?
This is the reason:
“ Mary no longer
Can keep her secret
Hid from grandmother,
Nor does she care to.”

CHAPTER IV.

“TIME, the tomb builder,”
Onward swift flying,
Passes us silent,
Whether we heed his
Coming or going.
Watch yonder hour-glass;
See the sands running ;
As one grain falleth,

Follows another;
So precious moments
One by one, stealthy
Fly from our grasping,
Bringing the long years;
Bearing the infant
Swift up to youth time,
Right on to manhood;
Sprinkling the grey hairs
As a sad token,
That frost of age is
Surely approaching;
Bringing the vision
Of the green curtained
Bed of the long home.
Man from reposing
In his soft cradle,
Lies in his coffin.
Old age approaching,
Rarely discovers

That the mind falters,
Or that the body
Is not so powerful
As it was younger;
Nor is it strange that
Man should deceived be,
Since every year grows
Shorter and shorter,
And one's whole lifetime
Is but the budding,
Blooming and dying
Of a field flower:
"Like grass our days are
And as the glory
Of grass we perish."
How in so short time,
Can man consider
All the strange changes?
How become willing,
Even to *own* that

So few short years have
Borne from him manhood,
Brought second childhood?
Let a few years pass.
Look at the cottage,
Where, at our first view,
Grandfather hale was,
Although his locks then
Wanted their dark hue;
Now those white locks gone;
Only a few stray .
Hairs in the breeze play
Round his brow wrinkled.
Honor that bald head.
See his form bending;
He cannot follow
Now the straight furrow.
See, his steps totter;
You can scarce hear him
When he is coming,

So light his foot fall;
Only the slow thump
Of his staff marks his
Wearisome progress.
Dim are his eyes, and
Words of *affection*
Must twice be spoken
Ere he can hear them.
He from whom neighbors
Used to ask counsel,
Now needs advising.
One hope remaineth
Firm and unshaken —
Hope of the country,
Where there is no change;
When there arriving,
Clad in the garb of
Youth everlasting,
He may forever
Dwell with the angels.

And the old man's mind,
Feeble to reason,
Still is as strong as
Youth, when he prayeth.
Old age has drawn him
Down to the yawning
Grave, and he waiteth.
Now is the "silver
Cord" being "loosened,"
"Golden bowl broken,"
"And at the fountain,
Broken the pitcher,"
"And at the cistern
Broken the wheel is;"
"Dust" is returning
"To earth as it was,"
And the blest "spirit
To God who gave it;"
And the old man is
Numbered on earth, with

Those who are hidden;
But up in heaven
Known as an earth child,
Who, through the strife and
Cares of probation,
Answered his calling,
And was made welcome
To the high portals.
Oh! what a gloom was
Spread o'er the household,
When the grandfather's
Body was carried
Out from the parlor,
Under an elm tree —
One of those elm trees
At the four corners,
Which their broad shadows
Throw o'er the low roof,
And was there buried.
Here in the dusk might

Have been seen seated,
Bowed down with anguish,
Grandmother, Mary,
Mourning together;
Though Mary's grief was
Deep, yet she mourned not
For the great centre
Of her affections,
As did grandmother;
For when the good dame
Saw that form buried,
Which she had loved for
Sixty-five long years,
Then was the fountain
Of her grief opened;
And her deep mourning
Bore her on swiftly
To the same resting;
And all her prayer was,
"When it shall please thee,

Merciful Father,
Take me up to him."
Not long she lingered,
Ere the waves parted
That she might, dry shod,
Cross o'er the river,
Stream of death, shutting
Her from her loved ones —
Parting, yet meeting;
For on each bank stood
Friend forms; on this side,
Harold and Mary
Bidding her "good bye;"
On that side, greeting,
Husband and daughter;
These were made sadder,
Those were made gladder,
She was the gainer.
Now is our Mary
Almost heart-broken;

For in the cottage
Echo her footsteps,
To her mind seeming
Like the returning
Footfalls of others;
Everything voiceless
Seems to be saying —
“Where are the lost ones?”
And the old arm-chair
Vacant, inquireth,
“Where is my master?”
And the brown distaff—
That, she has hidden,
So she may see it
No more so silent.
But in the twilight
Ere Harold cometh,
Paying his evening
Visit to Mary,
While the old house-dog

Howls on the door step,
Then her own shadow
Frightens the maiden;
And Harold's visits,
Always so pleasant,
Now she is lonely,
Double their value;
He the sole object
Of her affections;
And every parting
Seems like the tearing
Of Mary's heart-strings.
Well Harold knows it;
And one bright evening,
When he was leaving,
Asked Mary, smiling,
If on the morrow
He might bring with him,
One who would bless them,
Joining their right hands?

And her reply was,
"Would he were here now."
Harold then stepping
Out at the doorway
Calls to one waiting:
It is the black gowned
Worthy, whom Harold
Bid there be list'ning
For such a summons.
Quickly he steppeth
Into the kitchen,
Bids the two lovers,
Standing before him,
Swear they will ever
Live for each other;
Then bids the blessing
Of God be upon them,
And quickly leaves them.
But no more parting
Is at the cottage,

Though the long hours pass,
And bright Aurora
Lights up the heavens;
For now is Harold
Happy with Mary,
She, with her husband.
And the grandparents
In their graves sleeping
Are not forgotten;
For should you enter
Now that old cottage,
You might hear Mary
Telling her "Mary,"
"Love of the Household,"
That, 'neath the elm trees
Sleep those whose lives were
Spent with the view that
Heaven is above us.

P I C - N I C P O E M .

PIC - NIC POEM.

LINES RECITED AT A GRAND PIC-NIC.

It was a summer day.

I sat me down beside the sounding sea,
To watch its billows as they rose and fell.
The ancient trees that shut the day-king out
Stood still, unshaken by the softest breeze.
While seated there, in that romantic spot,
I thought, as any other school boy would,
That I was quite sublime; and oft I sighed —

Would from my mind the muses snatch the
veil,

And breathe a dreamy spirit over me,
Give me a glimpse of Mount Parnassus high,
And bid my soul feed on ideal things.

Would I might tread some spot untrod by man:
Draw from its hiding place some secret thing:
Give birth to thoughts before unknown to me;
And lose myself in dark immensity.

Could I but reach those fair Elysian fields
Where poets gather laurels for the brow,
Then would my fondest dreams appear,
portrayed

In real shades; then might I well exclaim,
Disturb me not; far better place me where
The waves of some Tantulian lake might lave
My breast; there bid me thirst; and when I
fain

Would sip its waters, bid them all recede;
Give me to hunger, while the tempting vine

Hung o'er my head ; but should my eager hand
Be raised to pluck one cluster for my food,
Bid playful winds the branches bear away.
Do this ; aye more ; but steal not from my gaze
Poetic pictures which my fancies raise.

As thus I mused I slept, and sleeping, dreamed.
My dream I sing : Methinks I see e'en now
That cavern, hollowed from the mountain's
brow,

A wild recess, where winds are kept in store,
And where in chains unruly tempests roar.

Thrust headlong down into that dismal deep,
A chamber where the dead might fear to sleep,

Was I ; and who can tell the dreadful chill
Of terror, making every heart-string thrill,

That to my cheek froze every falling tear,
And filled my soul with an unearthly fear.

All, all was still ; a strange sight met my
eye ;

One lone star only broke the cloudy sky,

Which brighter grew, as slow it seemed to fall,
Leaving the heavens for this terrestrial ball.
Gently it came, as though some unseen hand
Half loosed, yet still retained its fettering
band;

Above my head it staid, and by its light
Revealed the secrets of my cave of night;
On either hand, a ghastly skeleton;
And at my feet, a turbid streamlet run;
Behind by back, coiled in a hideous pile,
Foul toads and lizards, with the serpent vile;
Before my face, a magic beryl hung,
In which I read, as to and fro it swung,
Scenes of this life, in sunshine and in shade,
Devoid of colors, truthfully displayed.
I saw a lawyer, with his client near,
For whom he knew no hope, yet offered cheer;
He told him that he thought for still more
gold,
Next court he might some new device unfold.

I looked again, the lawyer's conscience woke;
He made a vow, and ne'er that vow he broke,
No more to plead a cause, unless the right
Was on his side, then plead with all his might.
By this, I knew *one* might, (though so few can)
Practice at law and live an honest man.

I saw two parsons; one was called of God;
The other called, but by some other nod.
The last looked solemn in his suit of black,
Sins not his own seemed resting on his back,
And people thought, because he never smiled,
His heart was right, his garments undefiled;
But when they found he'd left in their array,
Their purses stole, they wished he'd staid away.
The man of God put on no extra airs,
Nor filled the highways with his lengthy
prayers;

But when he saw the people led astray,
Proclaimed the threatening of the judgment
day;

And to the soul who from his sins would cease,
He pointed out the endless paths of peace.
Next viewed a doctor, whom the people said
Oft would not suffer that the sleeping dead
Should hold in peace their claim within the
ground,

But dug them up, to see what might be found:
They called this horrid, yet thought he *must*
know

Where every bone and sinew ought to go;
And if he chanced to make a slight mistake,
The poor man's life and honor were at stake.
They little thought what he must undergo
To learn what they thought he of *course* must
know.

And next a teacher — how unearthly white
His brow appeared, within that beryl bright;
His cheek was wan, his dark eye fierce and
wild,

His nerves unstrung, his disposition riled;

His very look, with terror ought to strike
The hundred boys, where no two are alike;
But no; my father told me not to mind
Unless I pleased; and I'm not much inclined,
Says one; another, that his parents say
When teachers scold 't is time to run away.
Yes, even then within his trembling hands
He held a note; the writer there demands
Redress; his little son has been abused,
For trifling things which should have been
excused.

What matter though he hid the master's hat?
That man's a brute who would reprove for that;
And should he not reform, will sure receive
A gentle hint that he had better leave.

Next came a student, with his books in hand,
Deep in the mysteries of some foreign land,
With brain half crazed, and pulses beating
sore,

Eager to drink in draughts of classic lore;

The angles which he learned were less obtuse
Than his ideas of being fine and spruce;
And the Greek verbs, though knotty, ill
compare

With what was knotted worse — his tangled
hair.

The people called him worthless; and all said
Some day or other he would beg his bread.

"The youth is lazy," half the town exclaims;
As though it was not work to use one's brains.

"Oh! what extravagance," the neighbors say,

"A poor man's son at school from day to day."

And 't was observed, at last, by one old maid —
She wondered that he did not learn a trade.

The student heeded not; I saw him gain

The prize he long had striven to obtain;

And when his former foes beheld his fame,

Why then—they always knew he'd win a name.

Then came a man who by fair means had made

A fortune large, for well his plans had laid.

He watched the signs to see who next would
fail,

And was secure before the auction sale.

This caused a murm'ring 'mong the financiers
Of talents less; and to the rich man's ears
Came strange reports; they wondered much
the more

That knavery had not shown its head before.

They called him "rascal," and still harder
names;

"His wealth could ne'er have come by honest
gains."

The rabble turned away, and would not speak
Unless there was a favor they might seek;
But if they had some great plan to put
through,

Which well they knew themselves they could
not do,

This blackleg, then, became a saint of light,
And nothing he could do but what was right.

A man appeared, poor both in purse and health,
And he was scorned by those who boasted
wealth.

His wife was called extravagant; the cause
Was, that folks lie the fastest picking flaws;
And then, perhaps, she had so fair a face,
That it might well a rich man's parlor grace;
And all must own when envy's fire burns
bright,

'T will not expire for sake of doing right.

Another class, one of the kind who rise
For the same reason that another dies.

The only way that they can higher go,
Is treading down their neighbors next below;
Root out the schemes, the people once have
loved,

Bring in their own, and set them far above.

Next came a butcher, with his cart-top white;
His saw and cleaver in their sheaths shone
bright;

With joints and sirloins of most any weight,
The man of flesh could all accommodate !
One would suppose, since mankind love to
eat,
They'd love the man who peddled out the
meat ;
But if, forsooth, his sausages were cheap,
The foul-tongued slanderer saw not fit to
sleep ;
But with a slur remarked, that sometimes dogs
In equal flesh, would cost far less than hogs.
I saw a woman, whose supreme delight
Was in a kind of linguadental fight ;
And if she was not in some kind of row,
Would force you to combat her any how ;
And if in manners you should chance to call
On her, she straightway would begin a brawl ;
No matter if you did not chance to know
When used polite, she would not let you
go.

I saw her to a foolish fellow speak;
He heard her through, most modestly and meek,
And wond'ring all the while how dogs could
eat

Old Jezebel, or putrefying meat.

I saw a maiden who was wond'rous fair,
Eyes heavenly blue, with wealth of raven hair,
And such a form as artist could not paint,
With mind and disposition of a saint.
And yet beside her stood a rival miss,
Who would not listen to a word like this.
Said she was plain, and most distressing proud,
As though she thought among the handsome
crowd

Of village girls, she was the only flower,
The very rose-bud of this earthly bower.
But what appeared most to her rival strange,
That any fellow who had power to range
'Mong all the girls, should show so little mind
As love this one and leave the rest behind.

I saw a couple who for money wed;
Each wished the other or their own self dead;
Parents that told their daughter whom to love,
Or whom to hate, as though some power
above

Had placed at their command their daughter's
mind,

Which at their pleasure they might loose or
bind.

They saw the tear-drop moisten oft her eye,
And heard her sighing for the time to die;
And when they saw her going to the tomb,
They knew what frost had nipped the early
bloom.

And last, of all the sights that did appear,
Was a "*Grand Pic-Nic*," and from far and near,
The people came, in different dress arrayed,
Of different minds, of every sort and shade;
Of this mixed throng, two classes seemed to be,
The stingy ones and those of money free;

The stingy ones at length, in rays I saw,
A sight so sad from any eye might draw
Tears, bitter tears, unless they were like mine
Directed to the lib'ral, gen'rous kind;
For in my vision did the magic stone
Burst, and its fragments one by one,
Transformed to diamonds, on the bosoms fall
Of those who money brought and spent it all.

Here ends my dream; for buzzing round me
thick,

Mosquitoes flew; I woke and seized a stick;
And when I drove the insects from my bed,
I found with them, my muse had also fled.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

JOHN ANDRE.

'T is evening hour: the moon's pale light
Falls on the Briton's paler brow,
Bright sunshine yields to stilly night,
The owl begins her night-song now.

Still mounted on his warlike steed,
Sits Andre, dreaming of the past,
And musing on that last dark deed,
He wishes night might ever last.

No sleep for him who feels the dread
That guilt or danger always brings;
Alas, the fatal words are said,
And "treason" on the night air rings.

That fatal paper, too, he bears;
That paper dyed in sin and shame;
Traced on its darkened face it wears
The hateful, trait'rous Arnold's name.

The morning comes, he seeks a spring
Where he may slake his burning thirst;
Among the trees the linnets sing,
As happy as they sung when first

They saw the sun o'er Eden rise,
When earth was young, and time began,
And 'mid the flowers of Paradise
They hovered 'round the first-born man.

But hark! the sound of coming feet,
And Andre's cheek becomes more pale;
Now Briton haste thy fate to meet;
Let not a soldier's courage fail.

They ask his name. Will he deny
His flag, his country, and his king?
Yes; for base soldiers fear to die;
Death to the good no harm can bring.

"That broad, pale forehead's look of pride,"
Is hidden by the veil of shame;
Up to his brow the crimson tide
Mounts, as he feigns another's name.

Oh, Andre! thou canst not deceive
The patriot gaze that falls on thee;
'T were open madness to believe
Thyself from dread suspicion free.

The blush, the voice, the downcast eye
Are volumes speaking thy disgrace;
All hope is gone, and thou must die,
And cause thy sire to hide his face

In shame for thee; and bid the tears
Course down thy mother's withered cheek,
As once they did, when, free from fears,
You vowed a soldier's life to seek.

The guilt is known; for now behold
That scroll, bound by the traitor's seals,
Though archly hid, is found, unrolled;
Dismounting Andre humbly kneels,

And begs his captors to forgive;
"Abroad let not the tale be told;
I cannot die! O, let me live!
I pledge the wealth of gems and gold."

"This diamond ring, this watch is thine,
My horse, proud, fleeting as the deer:
This cursed paper I'll resign,
But tell them not who brought it here."

"Put up thy bribes, thou fallen man;
For judgment, death await thee now;
No more shall England's breezes fan,
Or zephyrs kiss thy sin-stained brow."

Again he prays; he prays that he may die
Not as a dog, but as a soldier, lie
Pierced with the bullet or the shining blade,
And clad with martial dress, in dust be laid.

But no! Death must embrace him on the tree,
A warning dire to soldiers such as he;
The rope make ready, and the noose prepare
Let strains of plaintive music rend the air.

Once more he spoke, and to a comrade said,
"Tell England's sons that Andre now is dead.
Oh! tell my father, though I stained his name,
I was unmoved when death and vengeance came.

"Oh! tell my mother never more to weep,
Although her child so far away must sleep;
I never more can grieve her gentle breast
When 'neath the cold and icy clods I rest.

"And there's another, whose bright eye will fill
When I am dead; tell her I loved her still;
And ever will, though sleeping in the grave,
Her guardian be, her feet from snares to save.

"Good by: my bed is ready, I must sleep:
Tell all the dear ones not for me to weep;
Now come, O Death! My sins, Great God
 forgive,
Pardon and cleanse, and fit with Thee to live."

ELEGIAC LINES

ON THE DEATH OF TWO YOUNG FRIENDS IN P.

MY heart is swelling with its flood of grief;
My eyes grow dim, and tears bedew the page;
For gloomy thoughts break in upon the mind,
Thoughts of the loved who now in death
repose,

Borne from my sight, to rest within the grave,
Hid from the sunlight of the pleasant day,
Shut up alone beneath the cold, cold stone.

I see thee, Mira, as I saw thee when
Thy cheek was wan, thy pulses faint and few,
And when the tide of life was ebbing slow:
Faint, like a dove, when weary in its course,
Crushed like a flower 'neath a careless tread,
Or like a bud nipped by untimely frost.
Since then have come the angels to conduct
Thy spirit to its happy home above.
The vale of death before thee opened wide,
It was not dark to thee, for He who made
The sun, shone there so bright that all was
light.

To thee was given by faith to view the crown,
Held out to thee, among the radiant stars:
I know that thou art sleeping in the dust;
But, Howard, is it true that thou art gone?
I never saw thee when disease had lain
His heavy hand upon thy manly form;
When last I saw, thy voice rang clear in song,
Bright was thine eye, and active ev'ry limb.

They tell me thou art sleeping with the dead:
I weep, and cannot have it so: shall I
Ne'er clasp again, with thee, the friendly hand?
Or join with thee to raise the sacred hymn,
On earth? No, ne'er again; but in "the realm
Where angels have their birth," there may we
sing.

Oh cruel Death! 't is thy delight to mark
The fairest forms, and pluck them for thine
own;

The ones we fain would keep in chains of
love,

Pierced by thy darts, are hurried to the
grave,

Those shining marks that most proclaim thy
power,

Are stricken by thy ruthless, tyrant hand.

But God is in it: why should I repine?

His hand directs afflictions for our good:

He bids us mourn that we may see how frail

These bodies are, and bids us to prepare
When he shall call, with cheerful steps to
go,

Trusting in Him "*who doeth all things well.*"

TECUMSEH.

When Gen. Harrison was in council with this distinguished man, he thus addressed him: "Sit on yonder seat, which your white father has prepared for you." Tecumseh, prompted by a spirit free as the wind, replied, "You my father? No, the *sun* is my *father*, the *earth* my *mother*, and *I will not rest till I repose on her bosom.*

W. R.

THE war-whoop is hushed over forest and hill;
The hum of thy council forever is still;
And now, lying dead in thy "*mother's* embrace,"
Thou mayest repose with the last of thy race.

Thy vow was well kept, standing ready to take
The life of thy foe, a new conquest to make;
To add one more scalp to the badge of thy fame,
Was the hope of each hour, the labor and aim.

Thy heart beats no more, for the warrior has fled
To fair hunting grounds, in the realms of the
dead;

Where white man comes not, but sable sons
reign,

Reign monarchs supreme, in their ghostly
domain.

Rest on, brave Tecumseh! thy battles are o'er,
The gleam of thy steel frights the pale face
no more,

And thy father, the *sun*, proudly views from
on high,

That, fighting for country and friends, thou
didst die.

TO ROVER.



ROVER, when a little boy,
I was almost wild with joy,
As one pleasant summer night,
I received *you*, puppy white,
Marked with spots of shining black,
On your ears and on your back.
I remember how you cried,
Taken from your mother's side;

Softly covered in my bed,
Hearing you, my young heart bled;
And I planned that you might be
Sleeping snug and warm with me;
So to end the childish freak,
Rose, your little nest to seek;
Took you, trembling, to my bed,
On the pillow laid your head,
And at morn, your puppy nose
Woke me pulling off the clothes.
Then I learned you how to speak
"Bow-wow," for your food; and seek
For the ball the boys at play
Carelessly had thrown away;
And I learned you how to catch
Woodchucks in the garden patch,
Where they often came to eat
Beans and three-leaved clover sweet.
Well I know thy doggish brain
Mem'ries may for years contain,

And I wish that thou couldst tell
All the thoughts that therein dwell.
To my questions your reply,
Wagging tail, and bright'ning eye,
Though I understand that well,
Still thou hast no way to tell
If thou hast forgotten quite,
One who fed thee morn and night;
Grandmama, who loved me so
That she feared to let me go
From her sight, loved thee so well
That she bid me never sell.
For the love I bear the dead,
While I have a loaf of bread,
You shall ever share the crust,
And when dead, as die you must,
If on earth I then remain,
None shall ere thy dust profane;
But shall rest beneath the shade
Of the trees where we have played.

Thou art now grown weak and old,
Faithful Rove! and I am told
Often, since thou art so lame,
I deserve a deal of blame
That I do not have thee slain,
End thy sorrows and thy pain;
But would those who thus reprove,
So be changed to those they love?
Would they kill an aged friend,
Who had no more strength to spend
In their service; or befriend,
Care for them, as I for thee?
If not let them learn of me.
Rover! I have penned for thee
“*Dogg’rel* rhyme;” a “bone” would be
Doubtless to thy canine eye
Better gift, “not half so dry,”
Bigger dogs than you reply.

THE WITHERED BOUQUET.

BEAUTIFUL flowers !
Why should I love you so ?
In the green bowers
Lovlier, fairer grow ;
Withered and colorless,
Faded and dead,
Why should I love you so ?

Perishing flowers !
Thou a memento art ;
Speaking of hours
Dear to my throbbing heart ;
Silently eloquent,
Speaking, though dead,
Thou a memento art.

Twice has the spring past
Since thou wert given me ;
Will thy perfume last
Long as I cherish thee ?
Thou hast been carefully
Treasured away,
Since thou wert given me.

Gift of a maiden,
All the whole world to me :
Art thou not laden
With the same parity ?

Yes, for thy language is
Breathing the same,
All the whole world to me.

THE FOREST GRAVES.

WHERE the clear waters of a winding stream
Flow down to mingle with the salt sea foam,
There is a grove, which e'er to me will seem
A sacred spot, wherever I may roam.

A sacred place, for 'neath the oak tree's shade,
That like a curtain green is spread around,
The forest sons their resting place have made,
Awearry of this earthly hunting ground.

Their names forgotten are: no monument
Was reared to tell the careless passers by,
Above whose ashes they perchance have bent,
To cull the flowers that there profusely lie.

Oft have I wished, while wand'ring 'mong
those trees,
In summer evening's silent, starry hour,
The red man's spirit on the murm'ring breeze,
Might come to me, within that quiet bower,

And tell me who are sleeping there so still,
And what the fortunes were of those so brave;
Though spectres come not, yet my fancy will
Call up a form from every moss-grown grave.

Beneath *this* mound the Chieftain takes his rest,
His sceptre rude is lying by his side,
His wampum belt is wound about his breast,
His bear-skin mantle on, as when he died.

Around him sleep the warriors he had led,
To the avenging war with savage pride;
A bow and quiver rots beneath each head,
A spear and battle-axe by every side.

Beneath *that* mound the Powow sleeps in death,
Magician, priest, the pride and nation's love,
Disclosed their future fate, returned his breath
To him who gave, the Powow great, above.

Perchance he saw, while looking through the veil
That hid the scene, a pale-faced stranger band
Give to the eastern breeze the snowy sail,
To seek a home within this Western land;

But he was sleeping with his fathers, long
Before they came the red man's land to claim,
Hushed was the music of his fun'ral song,
And cold the ashes of his fun'ral flame.

The Chieftain, warrior and soothsayer bold
Have gone, where now it grieves them not
to see

The white man rear his cottage, where of old
Their council fires and wigwams used to be.

NOX INCUBAT MARI.

NIGHT, like a bird of omen ill,
Is brooding o'er the deep;
The stars, subserv'ent to the will
That bids them shine, still keep
Their silent watching over me,
A wand'rer on the foaming sea.

The northern constellations wear
The impress of the hand,
That to the pole-star chained the "Bear,"
And formed "Arcturus" grand;
And when no other power was nigh
Hung stars as bright in southern sky.

The same blue canopy above
O'erhangs the quiet home,
Where now repose the ones I love,
While far from them I roam;
Sweet sleep has closed each gentle eye,
But mine still watching sea and sky.

The light of yonder rising moon
Falls on the mossy seat,
Where I received this precious boon
From one who came to meet,
This raven curl, a boon of love
From one who now is crowned above.

This silver light bedecks the stone
That marks her lowly bed;
She feared at eve if left alone,
And will she not though dead?
Soon will they lay me by the side
Of her who was to be my bride.

Blow, gentle breeze; the snowy sail
Is ready set for thee;
Bear me along that I may hail
The only home for me;
That friendly hands may make my bed,
And watch me sleeping with the dead.

The breezes listened to the song,
They bore the sailor's barque along;
But ere the wished for shore drew nigh,
The wand'rer pale in death did lie;

And, buried in the foaming deep,
He takes his last and longest sleep;
He resteth not beside his love,
Winds roar, and mad waves roll above.

LENA MAY,

OR THE WRECK OF THE FISHER-BOY.

'Tis midnight, and the restless wind
Shrieks like an eagle, when her young are torn
From out the eyrie, and the clouds
Seem from the horrid pit of darkness borne.

As rising o'er the mountain's top,
They hurl their contents on the world below;
The thunder, lightning and the rain
Which louder, brighter, more terrific grow.

The lake, whose surface was at noon
Unbroke, save when the swallows dipped
their wings,
Now like old ocean madly roars,
And far around its sheets of white foam
flings.

In such a war of elements,
Oh! who would dare stand on that troubled
shore?
When earth itself seemed terrified,
Should not a helpless maiden fear still
more?

So would it seem; but Lena May
Now strives to pierce the deep, the thick-
'ning gloom,
Although the waves that 'round her roll
Almost engulf her in a wat'ry tomb.

She dares the blast; why does she so?

For what does fearless Lena's bosom yearn?
Across the lake, her Fisher-boy

Has gone, and here she waits for his return.

And vainly too, for ne'er again

Will meet his gaze, return his fond caress,
Hear of his love, his whispered vows,

No more the Fisher-boy will Lena bless.

But now, at last, the storm has ceased,

The struggling moon looks through the
cloudy veil,

The thunder's hushed, the winds are still,

No sound is heard. Fair Lena sees no sail.

She wanders o'er the pebbled shore —

Heavens! is not this the form she wildly
sought?

Ah yes! her Fisher-boy is found.

What now is life to heart-broke Lena?

Naught!

She kneels before his lifeless clay,

Her words are wild, and wildly glares her
eye,

She smooths the locks from off his brow,

Then bows her head upon him, there to die.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

YOUTH.

ON the winding stream of lifetime,
Youth begins his voyage romantic,
In a boat fantastic sailing,
With its pennon gaily flying,
With the breeze its white sail filling,
Breezes from the misty islands,
From the looked for isles of pleasure;
As he floats he hears the ripple,

Dainty ripple of the wavelet,
And he thinks the shore draws nearer.
Sees a bubble on the surface,
And he grasps the air-born bubble,
Thinking he has found a treasure;
When he opes his hand to view it,
Finds it only running water.
Sees a speck upon the blue sky,
Sees in air the sea-gull flying,
Hears the sea-gull loudly shrieking,
And he thinks it is an eagle,
A fierce eagle mad for plunder,
Or some bird of dreadful omen,
And the youth is terror stricken,
Frightened by a harmless sea-gull.
Sees a cloud rise from the westward,
Sees a dark cloud span the heavens,
Dark and thick, and fast arising,
And he thinks it is an angel
Coming swift to seize his frail bark,

Leave him struggling with the water;
But when drops of rain are falling,
Holds his hands to catch the rain drops,
Thinks the cloud a jetty casket,
And the rain drops falling diamonds;
But one dashing on his eyelid,
Thinks again it is an angel,
Thinks it is an angel weeping.
Thus the youth in boat fantastic,
Sailing down the stream of lifetime,
Spends the hours in castle building,
And in scenes of the ideal,
Vain as grasping floating bubbles,
Or as fearing screaming sea-gulls,
Making clouds appear like angels,
And the rain-drops falling diamonds,
Or like tears of weeping angels.

M A N H O O D .

ON the winding stream of lifetime,
Manhood sails in lofty frigate,
Guarded by the well-wrought cable,
With the anchor and the life boat,
And he trusts not idle dreaming
But he studies well the compass,
Watches for the hidden sand bar,
For the frowning rock and lee shore,
For the lee shore and the breakers,
Till he sees a *galley* floating,
With its oars of gold and silver,
And its oar-locks pearl and jasper,
And its awnings silk and purple,
And the *galley's* name is *beauty*;
Woman is its fair commander.
Then the rudder bands are loosened,

Of the frigate and each sail set,
Every sail with hope gales filling,
Till it nears the witching galley;
Then his ears are filled with music,
And his mind with idle dreaming,
And he studies not the compass,
Close pursues the galley, beauty,
Heedless quite of rocks and sand bars,
Till the galley close beside him,
Yields herself a willing pris'ner;
Then with cords and cables bound fast,
Down life's tide together sailing,
On all sides perchance surrounded
By those little boats fantastic,
Boats in which the young are sailing,
Down the winding stream of lifetime.

O L D A G E .

ON the winding stream of lifetime,
Old age floats in ship well shattered,
Shattered by the howling winds' wrath,
By the blasts of disappointment,
By the rude gales of affliction,
Sails are hanging torn and tattered,
Broken masts are falling downward,
Anchors, chains, by rust are eaten,
And the hull once gaily painted,
Now has dingy grown by wearing,
By the ice of eighty winters,
By the suns of eighty summers;
And the rudder rudely broken,
Turns not, though the feeble helmsman
Labors at the rotten tiller,
And the ship has ceased its sailing,
Only moves as by the waves borne,

Only as the running stream flows ;
And at last the old ship founders,
And the rotten planks are floating ;
Still the oaken ribs and keelson
Show that once a ship was builded,
And, perchance among the ruins,
Ruins of this earth production,
You may still discern the spirit
Of the ancient brave commander,
Ling'ring in this wreck of sea-craft,
'Mong the broken ribs and keelson,
Till the wreck shall sink forever
In the winding stream of lifetime.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

THE mountains hide the sun from Galilee,
And Jewish maidens gazing on the sea,
View mirrored stars in every babbling wave,
That onward rolls the pebbly bank to lave.

How sweetly still! The winds are hushed to
rest,
And earth seems sleeping on its Maker's breast,
Secure beneath the watch-care of that God,
Who hung in space, and governs by his nod.

The day has passed, and evening's solemn hour
That shuts the petals of the day-time flower,
Bids mortal eyes in balmy sleep to close,
And weary ones to court a night's repose.

But one there is whose soul is filled with grief,
Not joyous scene, nor sleep, may yield relief,
With chosen friends in the still garden strays,
There bids them watch, and to his Father prays.

Prays with a voice while prostrate on the sod,
That melts the heart, and bows the ear of God :
Gethsemane, where soft the moon-beams play,
Drinks up his tears, and hears the Saviour pray.

God, who from Teman came, will he not spare
The son, who holds with him an equal share
In all the beatific realms above,
Where angels dwell, and every thought is love ?

Will he not dash the cup from him away?
Nor suffer longer to be bound in clay?
No; deep must drink, the bitter dregs must drain
Ere he again his father's throne regains.

A crown of thorns be bound about the brow,
Of him, whose power might crush the world
e'en now;

A kiss betray, humanity must die
And rise again ere he ascends on high.

His hour has come; on sad Golgotha's height
In shame the sun withdraws its cheerful light,
While from their graves the ancient dead arise,
And nature quakes, for lo! her Author dies.

Firm rocks are rent, and from their stations
hurled;

Bright lightnings flash, and thunders shake the
world;

The Saviour hangs, and in his pangs he cries:
"Forgive them, Father!" bows his head and dies.

Exult, thou mortal terror, gaping womb
Of earth, for ne'er again in thee, oh, tomb!
Shall be inurned so holy dust; for know
A God dwelt in that form while here below.

Nor shall blood-crested worms feed on such fare,
Or sacred mould turn from the ploughman's
share;

Death, not corruption, on that form may rest;
And death hath lost its power thus being blest.

Ascended now and ta'en the seat above,
No more on earth to agonize; in love
The Saviour pleads, and pointing to his side,
Reminds the Father how he bled and died;

And for his sake beseeches God to spare
The wayward ones, whose sins he came to bear;
Weeps when he sees the hardened sinner die,
Who will not turn to him a prayerful eye.

Sees him refuse the speaking blood, which saith,
" Mine is the power to save from second death ;"
'T is this that tears anew the wounded flesh,
And daily spills his precious blood afresh.

Shall I be one, anew to crucify,
By scorning Him who came from heaven to
die ?

No ! let me yield to him that better part,
A contrite spirit and a broken heart.

PLUTO AND PROSERPINE.

THE heathen writers love to tell
How Jove, their chief god, used to dwell
On mount Olympus' giddy height,
And there ruled men, with supreme right.

Nor men alone, each lesser god
Obeyed his fiat and his nod;
King Neptune, Mars, and old Pluto,
Who reigned in Hades, down below.

Mars was his son and should obey;
And so was Phœbus, god of day;
But Neptune, who o'er waters swayed,
His brother loved, and so obeyed.

Old Pluto, though to Saturn born,
Who helped to kick that god forlorn
From heaven to earth, obeyed Jove's sway,
Because he seldom crossed his way.

For Jove, with eagles at command,
Could nothing want in Pluto's land;
And it was seldom Pluto came
From out the sulphurous smell of flame.

And when he came to ask of Jove
Some gift, the goddesses all strove
That he might have his heart's desire;
Nor longer with his presence tire.

For he was horrid to behold;
And dead men were by him controlled.
The girls, of course, of him were shy;
Before they 'd marry him they'd die.

It chanced that Pluto fell in love,
So straightway to the throne above
Of Jove he went, and being there,
He sought Miss Proserpine, the fair.

Jove told old Pluto not to fret,
Or hope the maiden e'er to get,
Ne'er would her mother let her go,
To Orcus' shade, that realm of woe.

But Jove, persuaded, by and by,
Said, Pluto, if by being sly
You'll steal the girl, why very well,
Wed her and make her queen of h—ll.

One day as Pluto took a ride,
By Enna's forest fair and wide,
He saw the maiden gathering flowers,
Among the glens and dewy bowers.

He quickly seized her, though she cried,
And placed her safely by his side,
Then through a cavern dark and wild,
He bore the goddess Ceres' child.

MORAL.

Now all you girls that flirt about,
Mind you, old Pluto's on the scout;
If you coquette at such a rate,
You may be driven to his gate.

VANITY AND CHANGE.

THE gilded arrow
On the village steeple,
That's always turning
As the breezes blow,
An emblem fit of
Parson and of people,
Is all vain (vane) show.

And very *vainly*,
The most holy *liver*,
That prays or praises
Lives, 't is very plain,
Since flows the blood,
Which is the great life giver,
Sometimes in vein (vain.)

And men in *dying*,
As they cross the river,
Are always whiter
Than they were before;
More lie (lye) than die, (dye) and
Often is the *liver*
Sound as of yore;

Unless they die of
Some disease *hepatic*,
An over boiling
Of the "*boiling bile*,"

The *liver* then is
 “*Biled*,” and that emphatic,
Though *raw* the while.

The farmer even,
 Often though appearing
A *stable* man, is
 Very fond of turns,
He *turns* the furrow,
 From his course *not veering*;
Thus *change* he earns.

The greatest *changers*
 In the whole creation,
Are those who take the
 Change for what we buy;
Unless it is the
 Worm, by strange mutation,
Changed to a fly.

There is a *change* to
Fiddlers more annoying,
Than even *change* of
Flatting A to G —
Those bits of silver,
Brassy by alloying,
That count but three.

FINIS.







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